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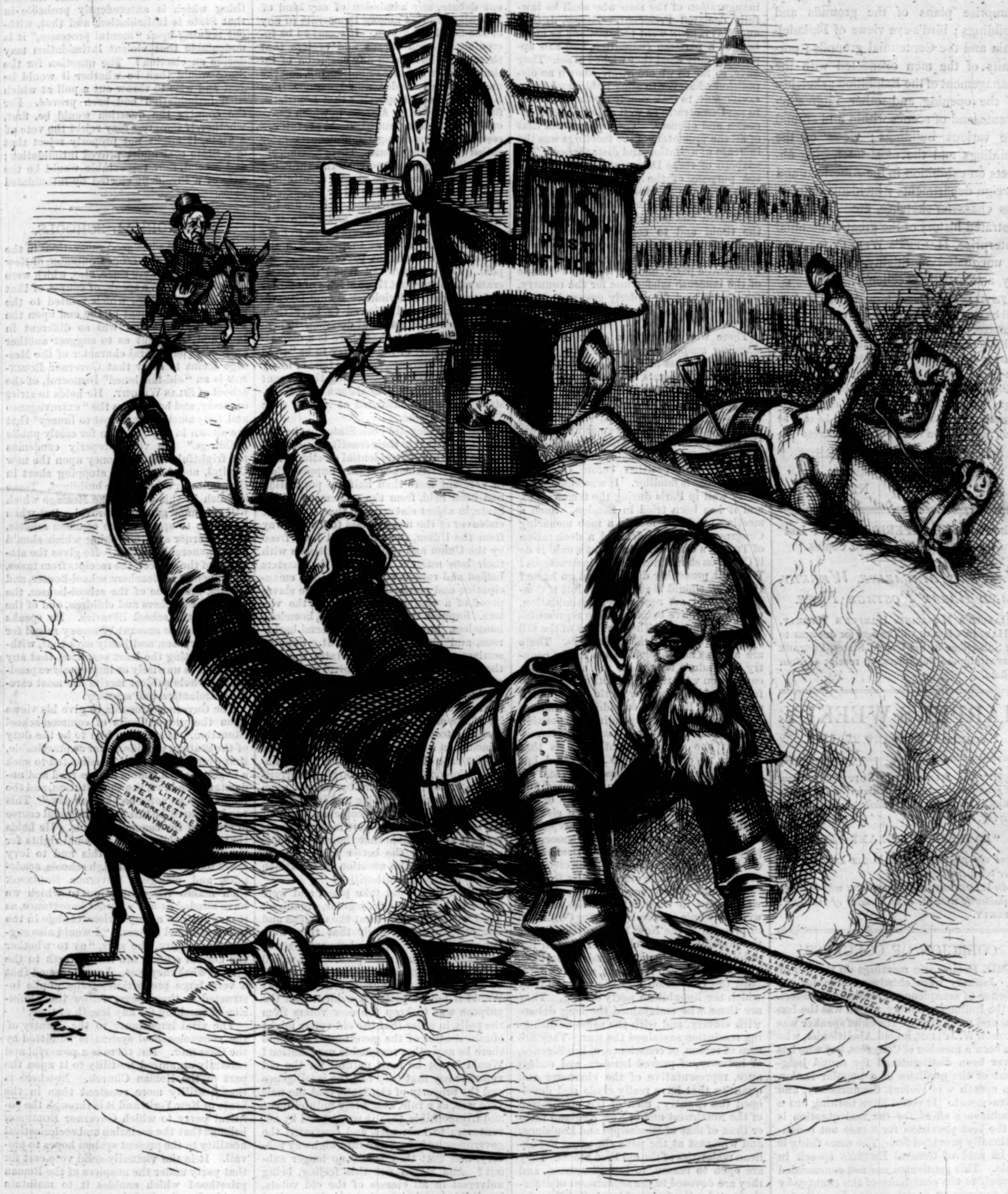
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THIS IS THE LANCE THAT WILL PROVE MY LETTERS WERE OPENED IN THE POST OFFICE.
Th. Nast

THE MEXICAN DON QUIXOTE.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1877.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains an exquisite double-page engraving, called*

"LA FÊTE DU GRAND-PÈRE,"

from the painting by M. LOUIS LELOIR, *and other attractive features.*

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COERCION OF CONGRESS.

THE Democratic meetings on the 8th of January were chiefly notable for the absence of conspicuous Democratic leaders. In the Indiana assembly, which was the largest and most fervent, the chief speaker was GEORGE W. JULIAN, an old Abolitionist, who has been a member of Congress, but who has never been distinguished for sound judgment or the qualities of a popular leader. His speech was violent, denunciatory, and extravagant. It could have nothing but a mischievous effect, for the real question is of the best provision for a case not constitutionally provided for. The same thing is to be said of General EWING's speech in Ohio. This gentleman has not commended himself to the confidence of the country by his rag-money doctrines, nor by any evidence of sober sagacity. He is merely a violent partisan. Mr. JOSEPH PULITZER and Mr. HENRY WATTERSON, who were the Washington orators, can hardly be supposed to speak with the authority or weight of Senators THURMAN or BAYARD. Mr. PULITZER was, we believe, recently connected with a German paper in St. Louis, and came to the Democratic party by the way of the "Liberalism" of 1872, the same road by which Mr. GEORGE W. JULIAN travelled. His opinions are those of an individual only, and are in no sense representative. Mr. WATTERSON is the editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, and is now a Representative in Congress from Kentucky. He served against the goverment during the war.

All these orators declared that Mr. TILDEN had been unquestionably elected, and that "the people" would insist upon his inauguration. Now we can assume to speak for "the people" quite as authoritatively as these gentlemen, and more especially for "the people" of the States in which there was a fair and free election, and which gave an enormous Republican majority; and we say that "the people" will insist upon the inauguration of the man who shall be lawfully declared President. Messrs. JULIAN and WATTERSON went to Louisiana as members of a partisan committee, and saw apparently only what they wished to see. They have, so far as we are aware, shown no disposition whatever to allay public and party excitement, to look simply for the facts, and to see Democratic as well as Republican excesses and offenses. Their object and that of all the promoters of the meetings was the increase of agitation and disturbance. The purpose of these Democratic meetings was the purpose of the Democratic Ku-Klux Klan and the Democratic White League and the Democratic bulldozers: it was intimidation and menace; it was to frighten the timid and to coerce Congress. The meetings were another revelation of the spirit, the character, and the methods of the Democratic party, and are another evidence of the immense misfortune for the country, for liberty, and for orderly government inevitably involved in the success of that party.

There was evidently a common understanding among some of the managers in regard to a mass-meeting or national convention of Democrats in Washington on the day that the votes are to be counted. What would be the purpose of such a meeting? Ostensibly to petition Congress to do its duty, but really to overawe it to execute the will of a few demagogues. The meeting would be called an assembly of citizens laying their own petition before Congress. The pretense is familiar. It was known perfectly well in Paris during the terror of '93, and it has been tried in London. Such a meeting would be merely a mob menacing Congress. It would demand a declaration of TILDEN's election. But what would it do if Congress should not obey its instructions? Would it peaceably disperse and go home? If so, why should it assemble? But if Congress should act under such intimidation, what would have become of free representative government? The meetings of the 8th January were, politically, blunders. There are a great many Republicans in the country who admit that there are questions in connection with the late election to be carefully considered in a patriotic and unpartisan spirit. But such consideration implies an equal and corresponding disposition among Democrats. It is manifestly impossible, if one side truculently insists that there is no question to be considered, but that under undisputed forms of law, and according to State and national statutes, and strictly under the plain provisions of the Constitution, Mr. TILDEN has been elected. Such a proposition is absolutely preposterous, but such is the general Democratic proposition. It holds that the Democratic candidate was unquestionably elected, and can be kept from the office only by fraud.

There are, we say, very many Republicans who accept in their fullest sense the few weighty words spoken by Senator CONKLING in presenting the New York petition. But the position and the character of such Republicans should not be misunderstood. They are men who represent, as we believe, both the conviction and the courage from which the Republican party sprang. They are those who maintained the long debate with slavery, and with the same unshrinking resolution sustained the war. They are men of reason, of conscience, of intelligence, of industry, of proved heroism and endurance, representative of the character and qualities that have really made and developed the country; men of the civilization of the Northwest and of New England rather than of that of Mississippi and Louisiana, and who cast at the polls the great Republican majorities of the old Free States. They are open to reason, to fair discussion, and they are devoted to the adjustment of differences under the forms of law. But they despise bluster and swagger, and their good sense at once pierces the fine pretenses and sounding phrases under which reckless demagogues mask their selfishness and crime. The Republicans who are disposed to regard the situation as patriots and not as partisans are the very last people in the country to be frightened by threats, or "Committees of Safety," or mass conventions to overawe Congress. They have seen service in the field, and they have the reticence of courage. The entire performance of the 8th of January, so far as they are concerned, totally defeats its own purpose, and makes a reasonable and just settlement more difficult, because it confirms the suspicion that the dominant desire with many of the Democratic leaders is not a lawful adjustment, but a partisan advantage at all costs and by any means. But we have still profound confidence in the patriotism of Congress.

INTIMIDATION.

WE do not recall, on the part of any Democratic newspaper or orator during the present debate, any admission of any kind of irregular conduct among Democrats in any of the Southern States. It seems to be incredible to such organs and orators that there could have been any suspicion of intimidation or violence or bulldozing, and the unenlightened reader would assume from their articles and speeches that Louisiana, for instance, was an Arcadia in which heavenly peace and happiness would prevail except for a devastating Republican monster called a Returning Board. There are, indeed, Republicans who agree that the throwing out of votes should be closely scrutinized, and if found to be unlawful or fraudulent, unconditionally condemned. There are Republicans who go further, and agree that the election law in Louisiana seems to have been constructed so as to perpetuate the power of the dominant party without appeal. But we have not found the Democrats who agree that these stories of murder and scourging and violence should be carefully weighed and allowed to have their due influence in the final decision. There is no doubt, indeed, that there is a disposition in this part of the country to be "tired of stories of outrages," and the tone of many intelligent papers in discussing the present question implies that Louisiana and Mississippi are to be considered as if they were Vermont or Maine.

Certainly they are both States in the Union, and entitled to their constitutional voice in the result of a Presidential election. But there the resemblance ends. Suppose that in Vermont more than half the population had been held, from the settlement of the State, in abject slavery, and that, in a futile endeavor of the master class to break away from the Union, the slaves had been freed by the Union and made equal citizens with their late masters. Suppose the masters baffled and ruined, and seeing in the emancipation and political equality of the slaves proof of a vindictive triumph of the victors. Suppose the slaves helpless, homeless, houseless, landless, ignorant, semi-barbarous, and absolutely dependent. Suppose settlers coming from other States, some of them politicians, gaining control of the new and ignorant voters, and turning their votes to obtain political control of the State, and finally arousing the indignation and hostility of the old master class, that had lain in a sullen torpor until the control was obtained. In a word, suppose in Vermont the precise case of Louisiana, would "intimidation," violence, murders, scourgings, terrorization, of the new voters by the old seem to be so utterly incredible and impossible? Grant that the better people in Vermont did not personally take part in such crimes, yet is it not probable that the worse people would, and that the better might remain passive, leaving the question of repression to the "usurping" authorities?

If such things did take place, and were found to be systematic, regular, organized, what would be in Vermont the obvious and fair conclusion? Plainly that they were not ebullitions of spite and general hatred, but that they had a purpose. And would it be necessary that the purpose should be declared in the Vermont newspapers? Would it not be perfectly evident that the purpose was to keep the new voters from the polls, in order that the old voters might obtain control of the government? Could there be any other reasonable explanation? Would it not be most natural for the old voters to say that they had the intelligence and the property of the State, that the new vote was, as a rule, absolutely unintelligent and irresponsible, that it was turned by adventurers to base uses, and converted the government of the State into highway robbery, and that they would no longer submit? And would not this feeling, being universal in all classes of the old voters, inevitably produce a system of organized intimidation of the new voters? Would all this be extraordinary? Would it not be precisely what might be expected in Vermont?

Suppose, now, that a State and national election was held in Vermont; that in certain counties, where the new voters had always had a very large majority, they polled scarcely any votes, and that there was copious evidence of intimidation in those counties, while in others, where no violence was reported, the new voters increased their vote, could the election in the intimidated counties be called a fair, full, free election? And if the most important results depended upon the vote of those counties, could that vote be held by honorable men to be so fair that no question ought to be raised? That is the case of Louisiana. We do not now say that the vote ought or ought not to stand. We do not now say that there ought or ought not to be a law which would prevent such a vote deciding momentous questions. We do not now say that such proceedings ought or ought not to invalidate the entire vote of the State. But can any reasonable man fail to see that the one thing which is antecedently probable in that State is intimidation, and that, without refining upon "mental processes," it is undeniable that violent intimidation may decide an election? The question for the State would then be whether it would be just and wise to throw out a poll at which such intimidation had been proved. For the country the question would be, first, whether, if Congress may reject the vote of a State, it might not properly reject that of a State cast under proved intimidation; and second, how respectable would be the title of a President elected by intimidated polls.

THE NORMAL SCHOOLS.

THERE were some good suggestions in the late Message of Governor ROBINSON, of New York, but there were some, also, which were questionable. We speak, of course, of that part of the Message which related to the State. The argument at the end upon the Presidential question was so different in tone and treatment as to suggest another author. The general character of the Message seems to show that Governor ROBINSON is an "old-fashioned" Democrat, of the school of SILAS WRIGHT. He holds to strict economy, and he rebukes the "extravagance and folly amounting almost to lunacy" that are shown in the "passion for costly public buildings." He very properly condemns the frightful waste of money upon the new Capitol, and he advises stopping short in the grants for other public buildings. There is much in this part of the Message which will command general approval. But when he comes to speak of the common schools, the Governor says one thing which should arrest general attention. He gives the statistics of the subject, the receipts from taxes, the expenses for teachers, school-houses, and repairs, the value of the school-houses, the number of teachers and children, and of the books in the school libraries. He speaks of the immense amount of money raised for school purposes, and justly says that, without intimating the least suspicion that any part of it is unwisely or improperly expended, the whole subject merits the most careful examination and scrutiny.

The Governor proceeds to give his views upon the proper limits of common-school education. It seems to him to be the duty of the State to provide, so far as practicable, that every citizen shall be educated to such a degree as will enable him to read and understand the laws, the Constitution, and the ballot that he votes on election day." This can be assured, he thinks, by the usual course of study in the common schools. He holds that it is a violation of personal rights for the State to go beyond this and to levy taxes for the support of high schools, academies, and colleges. Governor ROBINSON then makes the suggestion to which we have alluded as one of great importance, as it may involve a very serious change in the common-school system. "I would also suggest an inquiry," he says, "as to whether the normal schools are really worth to the system what they cost. I am informed that a very large proportion of the pupils instructed in them never follow the profession of teaching for any length of time."

The vital importance to the country of the common-school system is admitted by the Governor. But there is a powerful and carefully organized hostility to it upon the part of the Roman Church. Nowhere is that hostility more constant than in the State of New York, and it is through the political party to which Governor ROBINSON belongs that the sectarian and ecclesiastical hostility to the present system hopes to prevail. It is the virtually solid vote cast for that party under the auspices of the Roman priesthood which enables it to maintain itself. Deprived of that support, the party would disappear. Now the peculiar favors which have been bestowed upon the Roman Church in New York, as in Ohio and elsewhere, have proceeded from Governor ROB-

INSON's party, and were a part consideration for the vote. Every friend of the common-school system has, therefore, a right to watch attentively Democratic action in regard to the schools, and to regard with suspicion any Democratic proposition tending to impair their efficiency. No one would complain of any degree of reasonable economy in the cost of buildings, or of any proper correction in the abuse of frequent and unnecessary changes of text-books. But the suggestion of the Governor in regard to the normal schools involves a radical and retrogressive change in the system. Whatever impairs its efficiency strengthens the assault upon the schools, and the only class of citizens that can be glad of the Governor's suggestion is that which hopes to weaken and overthrow the common-school system.

We agree that the system would be weakened by every unnecessary dollar levied in taxes for its support. We concede that it must be made as little of a burden as is wisely practicable. But no economy is so delusive as that which exposes it to plausible attacks by essentially weakening it. If, as Governor **ROBINSON** says, the only just ground for school taxation is that "education is necessary for the safety of the whole people under our form of government," the same argument is conclusive for making the schools, within their proper bounds, as efficient as possible. If the State may properly undertake the teaching of children, it may certainly provide competent teachers, and that is the sole object of the normal schools. Indeed, there is no more essential part of the system than the provision of such teachers. The normal schools grew out of the experience of the wisest teachers and students of the subject, and have become an integral part of the State system of education. To abolish them would be the beginning of a reaction which would be a fatally false economy. It would certainly not be countenanced by a Republican Legislature. To abolish the school tax altogether would be a certain kind of economy. But there is a common phrase, "cheap and nasty," which may remind us that a government may be made very much too cheap. It is a safe rule to look with great suspicion upon every thing that lowers the standard of instruction in the common schools, and to regard a blow at their efficiency as a kind of moral treason.

THE SAFETY OF THEATRES.

THE burning of the Brooklyn Theatre seems to have had an effect which the burnings of all other theatres hitherto have failed to accomplish. It has led to the most careful investigation, and to actual enlargement of the means of escape, as well as to other safeguards in theatres. This effect is not confined to this country. In London, the Lord Chamberlain has issued stringent orders regulating certain details, such as the opening of doors outward, keeping gangways and staircases clear, and he has announced that upon authentic information of disregard of his orders he will cancel licenses. This does not show a very comprehensive conception of the real nature of the peril, nor of the remedy. Nor is it to be expected that official care will move very far in advance of the public demand. Care is expensive, and if people throng careless theatres, managers and proprietors will not incur great expense in taking care. It is amusing to see that in New York many of the managers are apparently of opinion that it is rather safer to pass an evening at their theatres than to stay at home, and that it is ridiculous excess and superfluity of care to provide additional means of escape.

According to the reports, at the Metropolitan Theatre a new staircase was ordered from the vestibule to the gallery. "The manager felt that the change was utterly uncalled for. The exits were regarded as ample before; but, nevertheless," to humor a public whimsical about its security, and officers who insisted upon it, the changes would be made. At Wallack's, various improvements have been ordered. "The manager stated on Saturday that he had regarded the building as perfectly safe, but had willingly complied," et cetera. The Parisian Varieties has been closed, but "the manager stated on Saturday that the changes ordered by the inspectors would be carried out before the theatre was again opened to the public, although he deemed them unnecessary." The manager of the Brooklyn Theatre would undoubtedly have said the same thing. But the ground of confidence in the rapid emptying of the theatres is mistaken. One manager calculates that his house could be emptied in less than two minutes. But that contemplates a quiet and orderly retirement of the audience. The danger, of course, in case of fire or alarm of fire, is panic. The remedy, and the only remedy, is such a consciousness upon the part of the audience, of ability to escape uninjured, that there will be no panic. But they will not have this consciousness unless they see for themselves that there are ample means of escape, and in very few theatres or halls can that now be seen.

Mr. **BOUCICAULT**, who is both actor and manager, has taken hold of the subject with great zeal. He proposes, by the use of chemical preparations, to make the scenery, the wood-work, and every thing inflammable in the theatre fire-proof. This he claims to have done in Wallack's Theatre, so far as regards the scenery, and the rest of the house is to be similarly treated, and when all is done the inspectors are to be asked to furnish certificates "according to their finding." Mr. **BOUCICAULT** wishes to begin at the beginning, and to make fires in theatres impossible. He mentions some interesting facts about the safeguards which are often suggested. The iron curtain has been proved to be entirely ineffective. A hose pipe always ready in the flies is found to be impracticable for various reasons as a defense against fire in the place where it would probably be found. A force of firemen is unnecessary, because there is already such a force. All the mechanics, scene-shifters, and supernumeraries—every body behind the scenes—are a force of firemen constantly on the alert. But the instant official firemen are placed there, all these are relieved from responsibility, and would run from the fire instead of toward it. Mr. **BOUCICAULT** proposes heroic legislation. He would forbid any theatre to open its doors to the public next September until the Fire Department has certified that it is practically fire-proof. Let the certificate hang in full view of the audience, and be renewed every three months. There will then be no fires, no panics, no catastrophes. And all this can be done with a solution of tungstate of soda and a thin whitewash of silicate of soda. It is a simple and inexpensive process, and Mr. **BOUCICAULT** claims that it practically abolishes the fear of fire in theatres. If this be proved correct, he will have another title to the gratitude of play-goers.

CARLYLE AND THE TURKS.

CARLYLE's impatience of cant and sentimentality has made him such an advocate of brute force in government that the reader of his *Frederick* and of his Latter Day pamphlets is amazed at his admiration of things essentially despicable and inhuman. When he wrote a letter upon the Jamaica troubles some years since, and extolled Governor **EYRE** as the right man in the right place, there was an eloquent and indignant protest, upon the part of humane and law-loving Englishmen, from **GOLDWIN SMITH**. And now that he has written in favor of Russia and against the Turks, his curses have come home. The poet **SWINBURNE**, whose political opinions have no weight, and whose literary talent and character probably command more admiration than respect, has written a reply to Mr. **CARLYLE**'s letter, which, from the extracts that are published in the English letters, must have at least a certain ferocity of logic. The correspondent of the *Tribune* calls it one long lampoon upon Mr. **CARLYLE**, and abusive to a degree that would be intolerable if the offender were not **SWINBURNE**, who is indeed a foul-mouthed assailant, and whose indecent onslaught upon one of the most honored and beloved of Americans can be explained only by the probable condition of the author when it was written.

His present pamphlet is merely an assertion that Mr. **CARLYLE**'s previous position upon all similar questions logically forbids him to condemn the Turkish treatment of the Bulgarians. **SWINBURNE** declares that detestation of liberty has been the constant and consistent principle of **CARLYLE**'s prophecies and gospel. But the key to **CARLYLE** on this point has always seemed to us to be his indignant perception of the gulf between human possibility and performance, which makes all talk about freedom and progress seem to him contemptible cant. He is one of the greatest men of this century, and has been an immense beneficent force in its literature and life, while **SWINBURNE** is by no means one of the greatest of men. But his arrow this time is undeniably tipped with fire.

The correspondent of the *Times* gives some extracts from the pamphlet:

> "He has always hated the very thought of liberty, abhorred the very notion of equality, abjured the very idea of fraternity, as he hates, abhors, and abjures them now. No man can doubt on which side or to what effect his potent voice would have been lifted at its utmost pitch before the throne of **HEROD** or the judgment-seat of **PILATE**. No tetrarch or proconsul, no **MOURAVIEFF** or **EYRE** of them all, would have been swifter to inflict or louder to invoke the sentence of beneficent whip, the doom of beneficent gallows, on the Communist and stump-orator of Nazareth. Had there but lived and written under the shadow of the not-as-yet divine Emperor **TIBERIUS**—doubtless as 'strict and just a man' as any 'present Czar' or Emperor of his kind—a pamphleteer as eloquent and ardent an imperialist as these pitiful times of 'ballot-box and divine freedom could have brought forth even in this distracted country,' what a latter-day pamphlet on the crucifixion, what an occasional discourse on the Nazarene question, might we not now possess, whereby to lighten the darkness of history and adjust the balance of judgment! It can not be, therefore, in His [that is, Christ's] most undeserving name that we hear the protest on behalf of suffering Christians put forth by the worshiper of every gallows upon earth but one—and that one the cross of Christ.... A preacher who defends the gallows, an apostle who approves the lash, has lifted up his voice against oppression, and has cursed 'the unspeakable Turk' by all the gods, in the name of **FRANCIA**; and in the name of **MOURAVIEFF** the champion of **EYRE** Pasha in Jamaica has uttered his sonorous note of protest against the misdeeds of **ACHMET AGA** in Bulgaria.... What is the peculiar sanctifying quality in the Bulgarian which is to exempt him at need from the good offices of 'beneficent whip' and 'portable gallows,' or from things insupportable and maleficent to him alone of human kind—or against the devil of Turkish misrule being cast out by the Muscovite Beelzebub, the Prince of the devils of despotism?"

EUROPE AND "THE SICK MAN."

THE situation at Constantinople is too interesting not to be constantly watched, and its developments tend to justify the view taken by Major **CONSTABLE** in the article that we published last week. Russia seems to be reluctant to take the very step for which only an excuse was supposed to be wanting, while the Turkish Grand Vizier is credited with the remark that the Turks were six hundred thousand when they came into Europe, and they will be six when they go out. It is further said that the great Hebrew bankers will not be unwilling to lend money to the Sultan in a Russian war, because of the Russian persecution of Jews in Roumania, which has a very romantic sound. There are reports also both of want of means and of military readiness upon the part of Russia, and certainly nothing could well be more striking than the attitude of "the sick man" at the Conference; for Turkey heard the proposal of united Europe, and peremptorily declined to accept it. For an instant "the sick man's" eye seemed to flash with the fire of the old Seljukian and Ottoman Turk. The explanation is supposed to be that there would be a general insurrection if the Porte should assent to the European terms. "If our throats are to be cut," the Grand Vizier is also reported to have said, "Europe need not expect us to cut them." On the other hand, it is supposed that the Czar is not so bent upon war as the Russian people, and that he would gladly see Turkey making the concessions required.

One thing, however, is clear. No reforms are to be expected of Turkey. If a foreign force is stationed in the Christian provinces, there may be less actual personal outrage; but that is not sure, and certainly that is all. As the article of last week to which we have referred stated, essential reform is impossible, because it is contrary to the principles of the Mohammedan religion. That does not tolerate the political equality of the infidel with the true believer. "Even under the best Mohammedan government," says **FREEMAN**, "the non-Mohammedan is doomed to political inferiority; and under a bad Mohammedan government, political inferiority is sure to grow into actual personal oppression. What it has grown to be under that system of organized brigandage which in the courtesy of official language is called the Ottoman government, we see with our own eyes. All experience, past and present, proves that in such a case reform is hopeless. The evil thing can not be changed; it must be got rid of."

That the financial condition of Russia is not satisfactory is a rumor supposed to be confirmed by the delays at Constantinople.

PERSONAL.

JUDGE CLIFFORD, of Maine, now the senior judge of the United States Supreme Court, referring to the rumor of his proposed retirement from the bench, said, "I shall die with the harness on."

—Colonel **WASHINGTON R. VERMILYE**, who died a few days since at his residence in Englewood, New Jersey, was for many years one of the prominent banking firm of **VERMILYE** & Co., of this city. He left a fortune of a million of dollars to a son and daughter, but gave practical evidence of his proverbial benevolence by giving to the Presbyterian Board of Missions $6000; American Tract Society, $5000; New York Eye and Ear Infirmary, $2500; Northern Dispensary, $1500; Society for Aged and Disabled Presbyterian Ministers, $5000; and a plot of ground to the Englewood Presbyterian Church for a parsonage.

—The new Speaker of the Assembly, Mr. **SLOAN**, of Oswego, was born in that city in 1832, was educated at the common schools of the town, and at the age of fourteen entered a dry-goods store; afterward for eight years he was in the milling business. In 1854 he became a partner of H. C. **WRIGHT** in the grain and commission business, and was afterward one of the firm of **IRWIN** & **SLOAN**. He was in the Legislature in 1873, 1875, and 1876, in the latter serving as chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means.

—**KATE FIELD** describes in the *Independent* some of the men in the British House of Commons who are coming to the front. Of Lord **HARTINGTON**, the leader of the opposition, she says he is "an agreeable disappointment to his best friends. Heavy, but able, he has given recent evidence of extreme shrewdness. He makes a good speech, which is marred by the bad delivery so many Englishmen seem to inherit by divine right. Lord **HARTINGTON** reads better than he sounds. He has a way of swallowing the second half of every sentence, as though he were ashamed of what he said and concealed it within his bosom in order to retain the respect of his audience. Being forty-four, the Liberal leader may overcome a ruminating tendency, which does not conduce to popularity. The rising Conservative is Sir **FRANCIS HARVEY**. He was a brilliant scholar at Eton and Oxford, and has developed into a very clever man and a very conservative Churchman, with a very obstinate backbone."

—The vacancy on the Birmingham (England) School Board caused by the death of Mr. **GEORGE DAWSON** has just been filled by the election of Miss **KENRICK**.

—O. D. **MUNN**, Esq., of the *Scientific American*, is the fortunate owner of **LELOIR**'s fine painting, "La Fête du Grand-père," of which we publish an admirable engraving in this number of the *Weekly*. Foreign artists find their most appreciative patrons among Americans.

—Does your name happen to be William? Here is something about it from Canon **ROBERTSON**'s introduction to *Materials for the History of Thomas à Becket*: "As to the commonness of the name of William, **ROBERT** of Thorigny tells us that when the younger King **HENRY** kept the Christmas of 1171–72, at Bur, it was ordered that the one who did not bear this name should dine in a certain room, and that when all others had been turned out, a hundred and seventeen knights, all named William, besides many other Williams, dined with the king in his hall." The reverend canon says, "Of all baptismal names, that of William appears to have been the most popular among the Normans."

—The Broadway Tabernacle, in this city, although not the most opulent, nevertheless takes generous care for its gifted and estimable pastor, the Rev. Dr. **TAYLOR**. The income of the church is about $37,000 a year. Out of this Dr. **TAYLOR** receives $14,000, and $1250 is paid for his life-insurance. There is a yearly surplus of from $4000 to $6000.

—**GÉRÔME**, the eminent French artist, is about forty-five years old, and looks like a student as well as an artist. His studio is simply magnificent in size, decoration, and furniture. The walls are ornamented with a costly and rare collection of the armor and weapons of the ancient conquering races. Among them are shields, swords, and pikes of various periods, together with helmets actually used by the gladiators of Rome, and marked by the blows which they received. This collection was made with considerable trouble and at great expense. **GÉRÔME** says that he passed two years in studying the details of his picture of the "Gladiator" before he put a mark upon the canvas, and the same careful study characterized the preliminary steps toward the production of the "Chariot Race."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: A bill was introduced by Senator Booth, on the 8th, providing that the President of the Senate shall, in case of contested returns of the Presidential vote, decide *prima facie* the question of validity; that an appeal may be taken from his decision to the two Houses of Congress; that if the two Houses do not agree upon the question, it shall be submitted to the Supreme Court; that each House may present its views to the court through a committee; and that the decision of the court shall be final, and the disputed votes counted or rejected as it may direct. In the House, on the 8th, Mr. Hunter (Republican), of Indiana, introduced a bill authorizing the President to send out one or more expeditions toward the north pole, and to establish a temporary colony for purposes of exploration at some point north of the eighty-first degree of north latitude, on or near the shore of Lady Franklin Bay, and appropriating $50,000 for the same. Referred. Consent was asked, in the House, by Mr. Lawrence (Republican), of Ohio, to offer a resolution instructing the Committee on Education and Labor to ascertain whether in every State an equal opportunity for common-school education (including school privileges for equal time) is secured to colored and white children, and, if not, to report a bill to enforce the Constitution in that respect. He moved to suspend the rules and adopt the resolution. Rejected: yeas, 119; nays, 78—not two-thirds in the affirmative. On the 8th the President nominated Levi P. Luckey, his former private secretary, to be Secretary of Utah Territory.—In the House, on the 9th, Mr. White (Republican), of Kentucky, asked leave to offer a resolution reciting that fears are entertained lest there shall not be a peaceful settlement of the Presidential question, and declaring that any attempt to prejudice and excite the public mind in advance of a decision by the authority provided by the Constitution is unwise, unpatriotic, and full of danger, and it is the duty of all good citizens to peacefully abide by the results reached in accordance with the Constitution. Mr. O'Brien (Democrat), of Maryland, objected. The House Committee on Mines and Mining reported back the Senate joint resolution authorizing the President to appoint three commissioners to attend an international conference on the subject of the relative values of gold and silver, with an amendment authorizing the President to propose such a conference to foreign governments.—Mr. David Dudley Field was sworn in as a member of the House on the 11th. The Consular and Diplomatic Bill was passed by the House. The amendment reducing the pay of foreign ministers was rejected. The Military Academy Appropriation Bill was also passed by the House. It appropriates $265,161, or $24,904 less than last year. On the 11th the President nominated General Stewart L. Woodford to be District Attorney for the Southern District of New York.

Commodore Vanderbilt's will was presented for probate on the 8th. The bulk of the property is left to his son William H. Vanderbilt, the bequests to all other persons amounting to about $15,000,000, reckoning the railway shares at their par value.

The two rival Governors of Louisiana, Packard and Nicholls—were both inaugurated on the 8th. Nicholls took possession of New Orleans, armed mobs assembled in the streets, and the Republican Governor was besieged in the State-house. The President ordered the United States troops to preserve the peace, but declined for the present to recognize either of the Governors.

It is feared at Gloucester, Massachusetts, that ten schooners of that port which had sailed for fishing grounds are lost, with their fifty seamen.

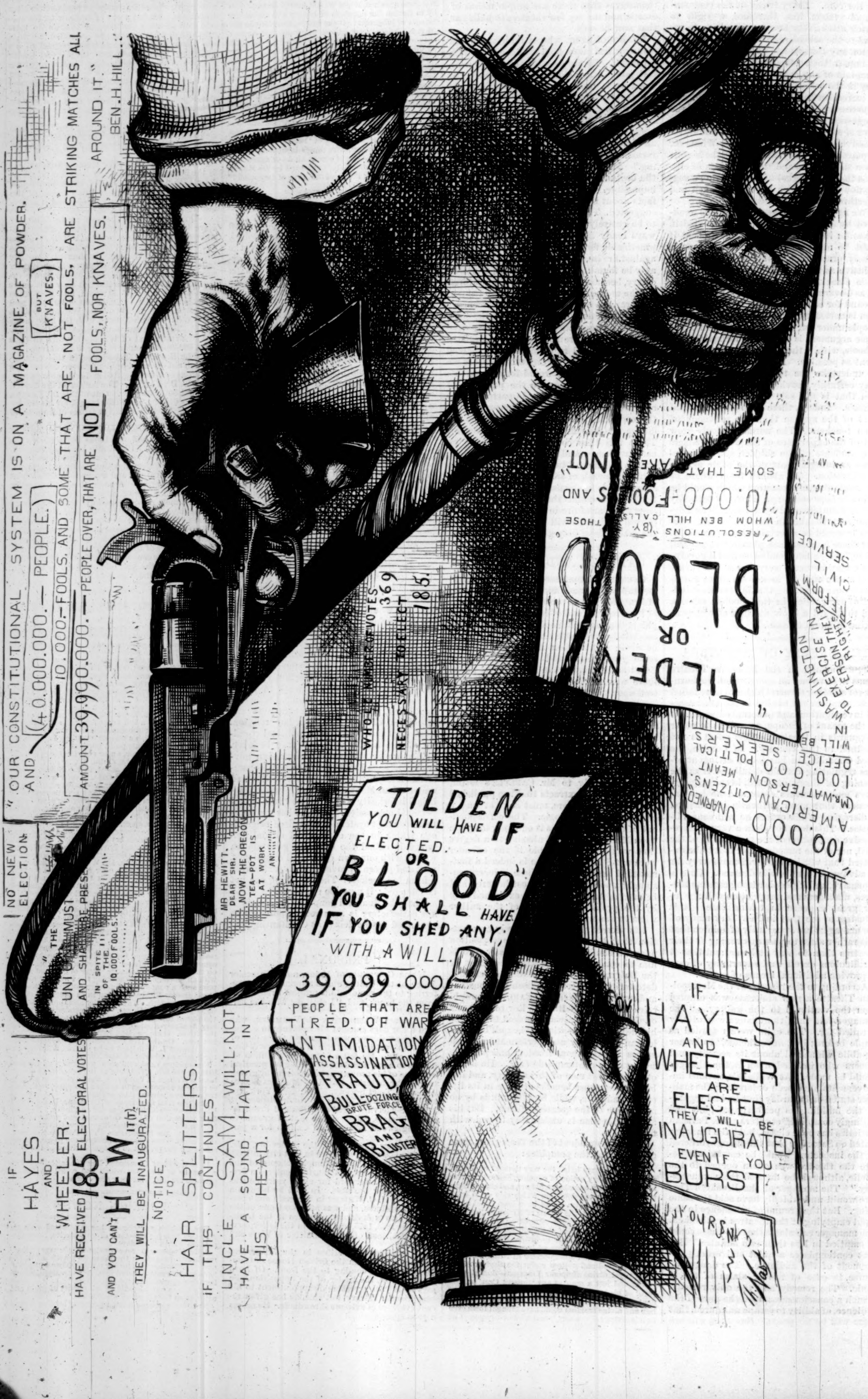
FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Turkish government has contracted with an Antwerp firm for 2500 tons of gun-barrels, to be dispatched within three days.

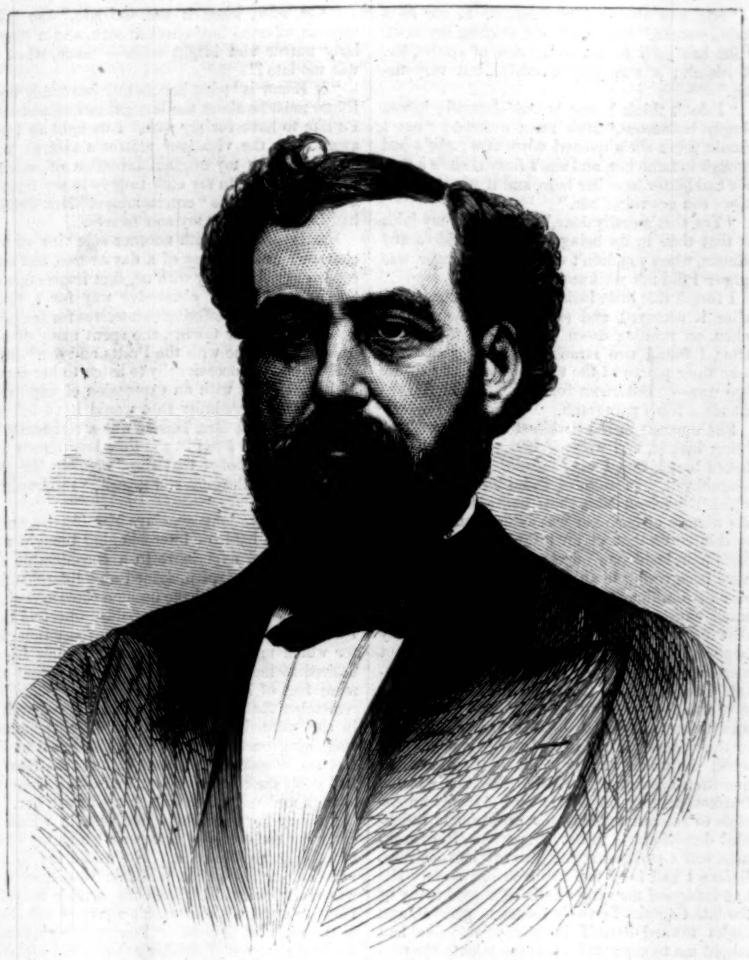
A Reuter dispatch from Constantinople says: "Roumania has declared to the Porte that Article 7 of the new Constitution violates her rights. She consequently declares herself released from her vassalage, throwing the responsibility upon the Porte."

The Turks have prohibited the export of grain and cattle from the vilayet of the Danube.

M. Grévy has been elected president of the French Chamber of Deputies.


"OUR CONSTITUTIONAL SYSTEM IS ON A MAGAZINE OF POWDER.
AND (40.000.000.—PEOPLE.) (BUT KNAVES.)
10.000.—FOOLS, AND SOME THAT ARE NOT FOOLS, ARE STRIKING MATCHES ALL
AMOUNT 39.990.000.—PEOPLE OVER, THAT ARE NOT FOOLS, NOR KNAVES.
AROUND IT."
BEN. H. HILL.
NO NEW ELECTION
"THE UNION MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED IN SPITE OF THE 10.000 FOOLS.
MR HEWITT. DEAR SIR. NOW THE OREGON TEA-POT IS AT WORK
WHOLE NUMBER OF VOTES 369
NECESSARY TO ELECT 185.
IF HAYES AND WHEELER HAVE RECEIVED 185 ELECTORAL VOTES AND YOU CAN'T HEW IT(T). THEY WILL BE INAUGURATED.
NOTICE TO HAIR SPLITTERS. IF THIS CONTINUES UNCLE SAM WILL NOT HAVE A SOUND HAIR IN HIS HEAD.
"TILDEN OR BLOOD"
"RESOLUTIONS (BY) THOSE WHOM BEN HILL CALLS "10.000-FOOLS AND SOME THAT ARE NOT.
CIVIL SERVICE REFORM
"100.000 AMERICAN CITIZENS (UNARMED) (MR. WATTERSON MEANT 100.000 POLITICAL OFFICE SEEKERS) WILL BE IN WASHINGTON TO EXERCISE THEIR RIGHTS"
"TILDEN YOU WILL HAVE IF ELECTED.— "OR BLOOD" YOU SHALL HAVE IF YOU SHED ANY, WITH A WILL.
39.999.000 PEOPLE THAT ARE TIRED OF WAR
INTIMIDATION ASSASSINATION FRAUD, BULL-DOZING BRUTE FORCE BRAG AND BLUSTER
IF HAYES AND WHEELER ARE ELECTED THEY WILL BE INAUGURATED EVEN IF YOU BURST.
YOURS

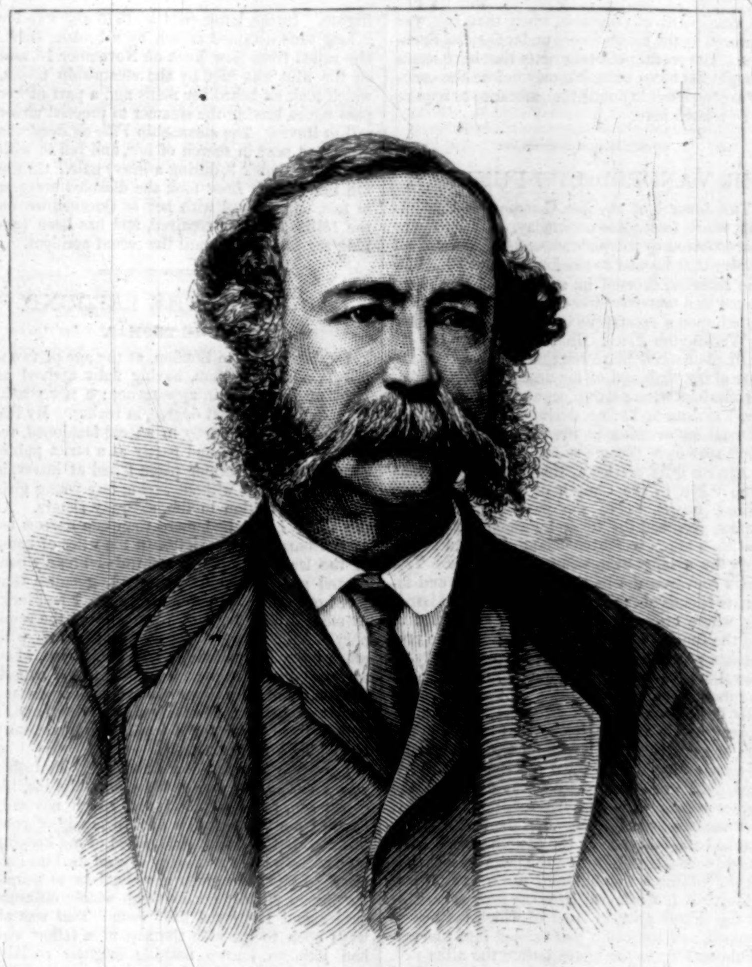
COMPROMISE—INDEED!



MR. PHILIP P. BLISS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GENTILE, CHICAGO.]

PHILIP P. BLISS.

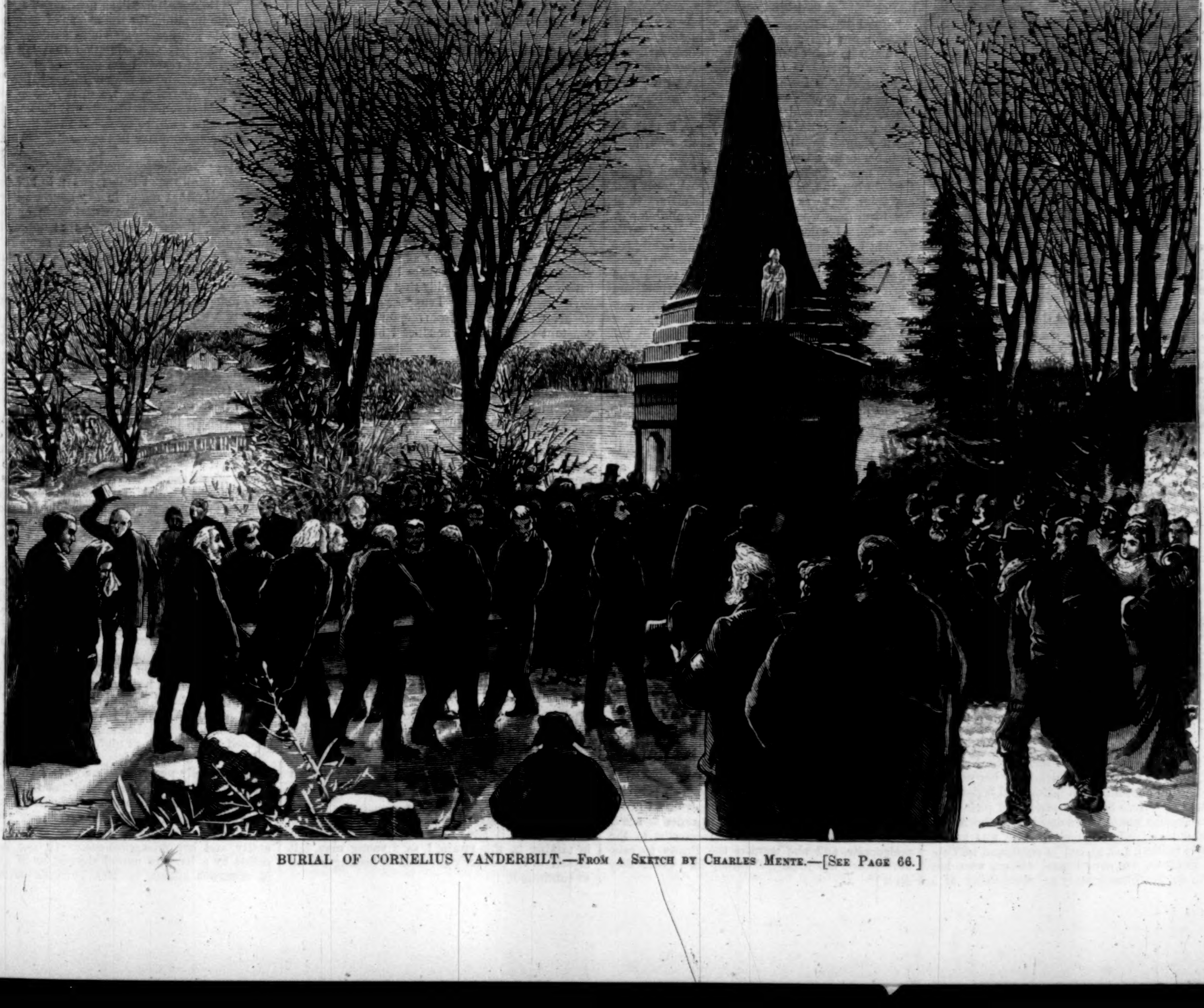
AMONG the victims of the dreadful railroad calamity at Ashtabula were the evangelist PHILIP P. BLISS and his wife. Mr. BLISS was the author of the well-known hymn, "Hold the Fort." He was on his way to take part in the Gospel meetings at Chicago, where he was highly esteemed. Probably no modern hymn has been more widely sung in England and America than the one just named. According to the statements of those who were in a position to know, Mr. BLISS made a heroic effort to save his wife when he might have saved himself, and, failing in this, remained and died with her, the two offering their prayers together as the fatal flames approached them, like the old martyrs at the stake; and thus, united in life, they were not divided in death. Those who remain pursuing the work in which he was engaged have already provided the means for educating his children, two young boys, and bringing them up in the way their father walked, and for erecting an appropriate monument to the memory of this faithful pair.



GENERAL WADE HAMPTON.

GENERAL WADE HAMPTON.

GENERAL WADE HAMPTON, who claims to have been elected Governor of South Carolina last November, and has in consequence set up a rival State government in opposition to Governor CHAMBERLAIN, was born at Columbia, South Carolina, in 1818. After graduating from the University of South Carolina, he studied law, and at an early age took an active interest in politics. He was successively a member of both Houses of the State Legislature. On the breaking out of the rebellion he entered the Confederate service, and was in command of the Hampton Legion of cavalry at the battle of Bull Run, where he was wounded. Promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General, he served with gallantry in the Chickahominy campaign, and received another wound in the battle of Seven Pines. He was again wounded at the battle of Gettysburg. In 1864 he received a Lieutenant-General's commission, and commanded a body of cavalry in Virginia. General HAMPTON was subsequently sent to South Carolina, and was in command of the Confeder-



BURIAL OF CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.—FROM A SKETCH BY CHARLES MENTE.—[SEE PAGE 66.]

ate rear-guard at Columbia when that city was captured by the Union forces under General Sherman. The recent political events that have again brought his name conspicuously before the country are too fresh in public remembrance to require to be related here.

MR. VANDERBILT'S FUNERAL.

The funeral of the late Commodore Vanderbilt, which took place on Sunday, January 7, was characterized by the plainness and absence of all display that formed so marked a trait of his life. The remains, dressed in a suit of black, were placed in a massive silver-mounted casket, which rested upon a catafalque in the hall of his house in Washington Place. In the centre of the lid was a plain silver plate, bearing his name and the date of his birth and of his death. The only floral offerings were a crown, an anchor, and a cross, Mr. Vanderbilt having during his last days expressed an aversion to the excessive floral displays that have become so common at funerals.

After a brief service at the house, the remains were taken to the Church of the Strangers, on Mercer Street, where the pastor, the Rev. Dr. Deems, preached the funeral sermon. The body was then taken to Staten Island, followed to the ferry by a long procession of carriages. Two boats conveyed the body and the family and intimate friends of the deceased to Vanderbilt Landing, where crowds of people were assembled to see the funeral pass. From the landing the procession proceeded to the Moravian Cemetery at New Dorp, distant about four miles. The road in summer is a charming one, as it winds among hills dotted with pretty residences, from whose summits wide views are obtained of the upper and lower bays and a broad tract of intervening country as it slopes toward the shore. On this occasion, however, the journey was a long one, the horses toiling with difficulty through the snow. It was after three o'clock when the first carriage reached the entrance to the church-yard. As it passed through the gateway, the bell in the church on the hill-top a few hundred yards away began tolling. A few minutes later the procession filed by the church door, in front of which the hearse stopped, and the coffin was carried into the vestibule and up to the space before the altar rail, where it was placed upon a bier. A crowd of people from the neighborhood, as well as from New Brighton, Clifton, and other towns on Staten Island, had lingered about the church since one o'clock, patiently awaiting the arrival of the funeral procession.

The services in the quaint little old-fashioned church on the hill were brief and impressive. The remains were then borne to the family vault, the entrance to which is through an iron door on the easterly side of a granite monument. This structure, which appears in our illustration on the preceding page, is thirty feet high and of simple design. Over the door of the vault is the inscription, "Van Derbilt." The coffin having been deposited in an outer case, it was lowered into the entrance of the vault. With uncovered heads the spectators waited until it had been laid away, when Rev. Dr. Deems turned, and facing the attentive throng, pronounced the benediction, and the funeral was at an end.

THE STEAM-SHIP "L'AMÉRIQUE."

The transatlantic steam-ship *L'Amérique*, from Havre for New York, went ashore at Seabright, about four miles north of Long Branch, about three o'clock on the morning of January 7. The steamer was in charge of a pilot, who had been taken on board the day before. At the time she struck, the sea was calm, but there was a heavy fog, and the pilot, misled, he claims, by the soundings, supposed that he was opposite the entrance to New York Bay. There were on board three first-class passengers, fifty-one second and fourth class, and 162 officers and crew, all of whom, with the exception of three of the latter, were saved.

Soon after the ship struck, the captain ordered a small boat, with a crew composed of Officer Brilloning and eleven men, to convey information ashore and obtain assistance. The steamship was then only seventy yards from the beach. The boat struck the beach, but the under-tow and the floating ice together—there being much of the latter—upset the boat, and three of the crew were lost. A crew from Life-saving Stations Nos. 3 and 4 were on hand, and succeeded soon afterward in shooting a line to the ship, and, by the aid of the crew of *L'Amérique*, the life-car was soon drawn on board. The passengers at first were afraid to get in the car, but Mr. Cornell Jewett, who was a passenger on board, and his wife got into the car, and were safely drawn ashore, after which all the passengers and most of the crew were landed, five or six in the car at a time. All the mails and specie were safely landed.

The steamer now lies in the position shown in Mr. Perkins's admirable drawing on page 68. Every effort is making to get out her cargo and to float the noble vessel off the sands where she lies stranded. Owing to the drifting in of the sand on all sides of her, this is a work of extreme difficulty. Hundreds of people are attracted to the beach where she lies, and, as shown in our sketch, the scene is very picturesque.

The steam-ship *L'Amérique* is an iron vessel of 4500 tons burden, and was built at St. Nazaire. In April, 1874, she was abandoned by her officers and crew on account of an unfounded belief that she was sinking. She was afterward picked up by an English vessel while drifting in the Atlantic, and taken into Plymouth. She was subsequently refitted, and placed in command of Captain Pouzolz, an experienced officer, who has served in the French navy as commander of a frigate. In the latter part of 1875 she was for a long time detained at sea by a broken shaft. She sailed from New York on November 13, and on the 21st was met by the steam-ship *China*, which took on board her mails and a part of her passengers, leaving the steamer to proceed under sail to Havre. The steam-ship *Ville de Brest* was afterward sent in search of her, and fell in with her on December 3, during a heavy gale. On the 6th the *Ville de Brest* took the disabled steamer in tow, and arrived with her at Queenstown on the 18th. She was repaired, and has been running regularly since until the recent accident.

CAUGHT IN THE REBOUND.

By ANNIE THOMAS.

I had come up to London, at the age of twenty-two, a formed man, having fully arrived at years of discretion, in appearance: a raw youth, vulnerable to the last degree, in reality. My life had been passed partly in an old-fashioned, remote country town, and partly at a strict public school. In the former place I had at intervals lived for months without seeing any young girls of my own station in life, save my sisters. At the latter I had had more than one narrow escape from falling a victim to the wiles of some of the leading spirits in the rather broadly conducted genteel seminary for young ladies that faced our cricket ground. However, I had luckily steered clear both of the Scylla of the seminary and the Charybdis of the bar, to which, with other boys, I occasionally stole. And so when at twenty-two I came up to add to my experience in a London lawyer's office, and to pass my final examination, I was free, fetterless, and, I fear, a little eager for a legitimate opportunity of making a fool of myself.

I came up under pleasant auspices. My father was a sufficiently wealthy man to make me, his eldest son, a liberal allowance, which not only enabled me to board in a private family of good position, but which also admitted of my keeping a good Park-hack and going a good deal into society. I had been given introductions to people moving in equally good though widely different circles, and I enjoyed the "round" that was always open to me with the zest of a fellow who had hitherto known nothing brighter socially than the "dinners" and dull "evenings" of his parents' contemporaries in a conversationally exhausted place.

There was not the slightest element of danger to the most susceptible Yahoo in the family into which I was admitted. The only daughter was too old and too plain and too "good," let me add, justly, to make love to a boy. And my mother's subtle inquiries had elicited the fact that this only daughter did not infest the house with any dangerous young friends of her own sex. "We have had young men living with us for the last ten years, and I have never heard of a single romantic incident connected with any one of them," Miss Pratt laughed, when my mother's meaning dawned upon her. "Your son will have comfortable rooms and capital dinners with us; that will be all. For any thing like flirtation or folly of that kind, he must go out."

"But I don't want him to go out to indulge in flirtation and folly," my mother protested.

"Then he won't have it here, my dear madam; for you'll give him credit for having sufficient taste to abstain from falling in love with either my mother or me, won't you?" the jolly, ugly, sensible woman said, good-temperedly. And my mother took Miss Pratt's word for it that no harm should befall me under their roof, and, with her fears allayed, departed.

Six months passed, and I am bound to say that during the whole of that time I never saw any thing that was even moderately attractive in the form of a woman inside the hospitable portals where I sojourned. Probably Miss Pratt's friends were chosen for their sterling worth, for they had nothing external to recommend them. They were, as a rule, middle-aged; those who were still young were prematurely anxious and care-worn. As a rule, too, they led earnest, hard-working lives, being engaged in battling, most of them, for their modicum of daily bread in the ranks of governesses and music teachers. I liked some of them very much; I respected them all heartily; but I did not feel a particle of the tender passion toward one of them for a moment. Miss Pratt did not keep the word of promise to the ear and break it to the sense. My mother had reason to be pleased with her; but I looked upon it as almost an injustice that she should never have introduced any one sufficiently attractive to me, to give me either a moment's pleasure or (its sure successor) a moment's pain.

One night a letter was handed to her at dinner, which she regarded coolly for an instant, then put it into her pocket, saying, "It's from Constance Terriss, mamma; it will do to read in the evening," and resumed her occupation of carving.

"Constance Terriss, la! Why, what did I hear of her last?" old Mrs. Pratt ruminated.

"That she was gone to Australia to give readings," Miss Pratt replied, curtly.

"And is that letter from Australia, my dear?" Mrs. Pratt continued, gazing at the pocket into which her daughter had thrust the letter, through her eyeglass.

"Probably not. Has a penny stamp on it," Miss Pratt rejoined. "But we'll see presently;" and so the subject was dismissed.

I happened to be at home that evening, and in the course of it I heard some detached portions of Mrs. Terriss's letter. She was desirous of remaining in London for a while in order to see if she could "turn her talents to account in the metropolis, and she wanted the Pratts to take herself and her little girl Elinor in. Could they do it?"

"She was always very fatiguing to me as a young woman," Mrs. Pratt said, shaking her head. "She had such an unceasing flow of spirits, Mr. Mordaunt; it was very beautiful, but very tiring."

"I don't think it was beautiful at all; it was simply boisterous," Miss Pratt averred; "but I should think she's quieted down now; she's had enough to tame her, and she's forty if she's a day. We had better have her here, and if we don't like it, we can get rid of her."

"Yes, that's easily done," I put in, for my faith at that time in its being easy to get rid of any woman, when you didn't want her any longer, was large: I did not yet know Mrs. Terriss.

I forgot this little incident almost immediately after it occurred, and so felt rather surprised when, on running down to dinner a few nights after, I found two strange ladies preparing to take their places at the table. The elder of the two was— But room for Mrs. Terriss! she demands a fresh paragraph.

She was one of the "whitest" women, without being insipid, and without being like unto unbaked bread, that I ever beheld. Her skin was magnificent. In spite of those forty years with which her friend Miss Pratt had accredited her, the texture of her skin was as fine and delicately colored as that of an infant. She had light fluffy hair, fashionably dressed in a way that would have been trying to an ordinary woman, but that was extraordinarily becoming to her. She had small, expressive, scintillating, grayish-blue eyes that did not seem to belong to such a gorgeously large and fine physique as hers. The eyes were not merely observant, they were suspiciously watchful. They wandered from yours as she addressed you, and took passing notes as to what feeling was flickering through other people's minds on to their faces. They looked vague and strayed when she was speaking in the most earnest and heart-felt manner, apparently. Yet she was the frankest woman I had ever met. It was impossible to account for this, that so strongly resembled deceitfulness, in her expression. Her frankness was a staggering thing to my inexperience. Before I had been two hours in her society she had informed me rather fully of a good many of the late Captain Terriss's follies in general, and faults toward herself in particular. She had taught me to understand that the talents she possessed as writer, reader, vocalist, and histrionic were respectively of the very highest order, and that, under auspicious circumstances of cultivation and appreciation, she would have been a second George Sand, Adelaide Kemble, Grisi, and Ristori. She had informed me that "Swedenborg was an extremely clever man, the only leader of thought worth following, the guide of the fine 'coming race;' and the solitary instance in literature of complete congeniality of sentiment with herself." She further added "that Christianity was played out, that its bonds were only intended to rail in those inferior minds that were incapable of understanding the more subtle mysteries of German philosophy, and that she expected her little girl to be a triumphant refutation of the theory that religious culture and careful guardianship were requisite for the production of a good woman."

If my hair had not been cut in the orthodox military crop, it would have stood on end as I listened to these elementary views. Presently I glanced with pitying curiosity at the "little girl," the daughter of such a mother—the latter had completely absorbed me hitherto—and, to my surprise, I saw a fine, usual-looking, nice-faced girl, of about twenty. "The combination of George Sand, Adelaide Kemble, Grisi, and Ristori has turned out an extremely nice average girl for a daughter," I thought, as I watched the young lady; and I felt disposed to go over and join the group who were listening to the girl's quiet description of their life in Australia.

"She's a very entertaining child," her mother said, following the direction of my eyes. "Most girls of her age are *gauche* as soon as they find themselves the only speakers in a room full of listeners; but Elinor avoids that pitfall, as you'll have already perceived. I suppose she has learned the art of conversation from me, for she's been my constant companion ever since I began to think for myself."

I suppose I looked incredulous, or appalled, or amazed, or something else that I ought not to have looked, for she resumed, with a running accompaniment of laughter:

"My dear Sir, I suppose you fancy that I am historically inaccurate in making the dates of my beginning to think and of her becoming my companion contemporaneous? Not at all; I only began to 'think' after I married and found out that I had made a mistake in doing so; then, luckily for me, I had Elinor, and made her my companion."

"And a very charming one you found her, I'm sure," I said, feebly. Not that I did not thoroughly mean what I was saying, but that I felt convinced that the lady whom I addressed fancied that all the charms of the companionship had been on her side.

"Yes," she said, affably, "Elinor is what I have made her; if mothers are such fools that they can't mould their daughters after their own pattern, they deserve to have the burden of stupid, unmarriageable girls laid upon them. Not that *I* want Elinor to marry, now or ever. I'd infinitely prefer keeping her to myself to giving her to a second edition of her father, for example; besides, she's much too clever a girl ever to marry a man who would insist on being her master, and she's much too clever a girl to be satisfied with a nonentity, and it isn't easy to find the happy medium."

"Have you never found it?" I asked, encouragingly; for, if Mrs. Terriss felt herself justified in talking in this strain, I, as a young man, felt myself to be perfectly justified in leading her on to continue it.

"Yes, once, when it was too late," she said, with an affected half-checked sigh, and a singularly untrue and bright smile—"once, when it was too late!"

"If Elinor is 'what her mother has made her,' Elinor must be about the last girl in England that I'd like to have for my wife," I thought as I got away from the vivacious matron's side at last, and, foregoing my original intention of seeking Elinor, went off to my club to give to my friends a description of the "entertainment" Mrs. Terriss had been giving for my sole benefit.

She favored me with another side view of her character in the course of a day or two, and succeeded in doing away with my first impression of her in a singularly conclusive way for a time. Opportunities not offering themselves for the public display of her talents, she spent many of her evenings at home with the Pratts and her "little girl," who used occasionally to listen to her mamma's narrations with an expression of admiring, affectionate incredulity that would have led me to suppose that Mrs. Terriss was a romancist in private life had I not at the time been firmly imbued with the belief that she "was," in the parlance of my colleagues and myself, "the frankest woman out."

During these long evenings Mrs. Terriss and I fell into the habit of interchanging thought and sentiment and experience to a considerable extent, that is to say, I imagined an "interchange" was going on; but I have become conscious since that the obligation was a one-sided one, and that I was simply the receptacle for the loose thoughts for which my brilliant and versatile new friend desired to find a store-house. I fancy that the mere fact of having worded a "view" made her remember that she had once held it. Accordingly she worded a vast number of uncommonly staggering ones, and I metaphorically sat at her feet and worshiped her, and wished that Heaven had made me such a woman, and that I were old enough and valiant enough to try to win her.

"I long for retirement, for rest, in which to carry out some of the ideas with which my brain is teeming, Mr. Mordaunt," she would say to me, with an expression of ineffable weariness that was really creditable (from the artistic point of view) to a woman who wasn't weary of any thing in the slightest degree. "You probably mistake me to the degree of thinking that I find pleasure in this vortex, balm in the fulsome flattery that is offered to me; satisfaction in knowing that I am envied, and therefore hated, by other women, who invariably find themselves neglected when I am by. But in this you misjudge me—I assure you that you do."

As I had never seen her in the "vortex," nor heard the "fulsome flattery," nor detected the dark vein of hatred which ran through the jealous minds of other women concerning her, I could conscientiously aver that I had never for a moment suspected her of finding pleasure in any one of them. But this disavowal didn't satisfy her a bit.

"Ah yes, you say so; but I know too well what you think and what all people who are merely superficially acquainted with me think," she said, with a sad smile and an incredulous shake of the head. "Because it has been my duty to my child to struggle in public for the means of supporting her, people are cruel enough to suppose that I like the notoriety and adulation that fall to my lot, whereas in reality I am weary of them. All I want is quiet, and to see my Elinor happy."

"She's a charming girl, and is sure to marry well," I said, encouragingly. It was the only form of consolation I had to offer, but I felt that it was painfully commonplace in the case of such a superior woman.

"Marry!" she repeated, with superb contempt. "Do you think that I look forward to her fulfilling a destiny that might in any degree resemble mine, with any thing like satisfaction or hope? No, no, Mr. Mordaunt; dismiss that notion from your mind at once. My child can support herself already. I gave her a magnificent musical education, and she turns her knowledge and proficiency to account. I have brought her up to be quite independent of marriage as a means of living. She, like me, is justified in her little extravagancies, you see; she pays for them herself."

"Poor girl!" I said, compassionately; "it's rather rough on her that she should go through the drudgery of teaching music."

The truth is, it was a considerable let-down to me to hear that the devoted mother, who had been flaunting the sacrifices she was in the habit of making for her child, should allow that child to take the responsibility of her own maintenance on herself at such an early age. For the first time it struck me as a hard and incongruous fact that the girl should always be dressed in the plainest and poorest materials, while the mother was invariably arrayed in garments of price. It must be conceded to her that she was justified in her course as far as the result went. Mrs. Terriss, seen by the early morning light, untouched, and in that simple garb ycleped a dressing-gown, was not altogether so pleasing an object as was the dainty dame who swept down to dinner in sheeny silk, or even the grander lady who rolled off in a comfortable little brougham two or three times, in black velvet and pearls, to read and recite to a select *coterie*. But the glamour was on me to such a degree that I looked on the haggard, hard-faced woman who breakfasted with us as an unreality, and took for truth the delicately complexioned, beaming, brilliant dame who showed herself to us at night.

Gradually a shadow fell, so softly at first that it was scarcely perceptible, and yet I think now that I was dimly conscious of it from the beginning. Something like a coolness began to be observable between Mrs. Terriss and her friends the Pratts. The old lady was an amiable nonentity, and her misapprehension (it can not be called by a harsher name) showed itself chiefly in timorous silence in Mrs. Terriss's presence.

But Miss Pratt became unmistakably cold and caustic.

"When you've quite done your work here, Constance, I suppose you'll go away?" Miss Pratt broke out, bluntly, one night, in the middle of a fascinating lecture Mrs. Terriss was giving me on my folly in wasting all my evenings at home with her.

"*When* I have quite finished my work! Ah! when will that be?" Mrs. Terriss responded, with a gentle sigh.

"Not while there's a fool left in the world, and he chances to come your way," Miss Pratt replied, gruffly.

"And while the world exists, fools will exist in it, my dear Sarah," Mrs. Terriss said, with admirable command of temper.

She took her revenge out afterward by telling me that Miss Pratt was a "spiteful, malignant, mendacious old maid, who had hurled herself at the head of every man she had ever met in her life, and who bullied her mother in private till the poor lady hardly dared say her soul was her own." But I was still sufficiently in possession of my senses to know that this statement was a mistake. Miss Pratt might be ugly, but she was neither unwomanly, cruel, nor vain.

"I never saw the axiom, 'One fool makes many,' so perfectly carried out before," Miss Pratt went on, severely. And Mrs. Terriss laughed and looked at me, taking me into the joke against Miss Pratt's acrimoniousness, in a way that was very wonderful and witching to me at the time.

It must not be supposed that I was devoid of all other lady friends during the Terriss epoch. Their name had been legion until she came, and of some of them I retain a grateful recollection to this day, though her keen eyes and acute judgment detected many a flaw in most of them. In a fit of enthusiastic admiration for her once, I called most of these friends together and feasted them under the Pratt roof, and by some special divination—some astute power of reading whatever she desired to read—she discovered that they were all opposed to and intriguing against her. I thought her very magnanimous; for though she refused to believe me when I told her that not one of them had hazarded a word against her, she made a free and ample display of her great talents for their amusement, while I ambled about the room and tried to be meek under the exalted feeling I had that *I* was the means of their benefiting by the condensed essence of the talents of George Sand, Adelaide Kemble, Grisi, and Ristori. I tried to remember that she was but human, and though of "great parts," that these "parts" might crumble away at the first contact with cold or catarrh! Alas! it never occurred to me to think that she might crumble away from me, as it were, leaving me to perish under the ruins of that temple of appreciation and flattery in which I had enshrined her, and into which I called all those I knew to come and worship.

"All your friends detest me," she took the opportunity of whispering to me several times during the evening; "but it's jealousy, my dear Cecil, nothing but jealousy, and I'm sure I do nothing to create it. I simply am what nature made; and I ask you, do I do any thing to detract from them, or to distract attention from them? The great majority are fools, my dear boy, but they're not fools enough not to see that a woman to whom the Powers Above have vouchsafed brains takes the *pas* of them in all their pretty, well-gilt folly. I can't congratulate you on your galaxy of beauty. Our estimable Sarah can hold her own with the best of them. See how they hate me because you're lingering by me! Go and do your duty, Cecil. You are the host, you know; go and cajole those wearisome women with a few compliments suited to their shallow understandings. Yes! they *are* shallow, Cecil; you know they are, only you're not frank, as I am, and so you dare not say it."

"Two or three of them are dear, good women," I said, humbly; and I mentioned two or three who had been very good to me, and for no ulterior object, I can swear.

"'Dear, good women,'" my charmer laughed. "So was your grandmother's washer-woman a dear, good woman, I've no doubt. Is that any reason why they should let their ill-nature and ill-breeding get the better of them to the extent of showing me, as they do plainly, that they abhor me because every man in the room wants to talk to me? I don't care for attention, do I, Elinor?"

"No, mamma, not at all," the obedient girl answered, with an obedient but peculiar smile.

"But I am not going to be sycophant enough to evade it for the sake of pleasing a number of spiteful old women who want to damage me because I am not as disagreeable as themselves."

"I don't think they want to damage you, and I'm sure they're not disagreeable," I said, striking a feeble blow for these poor traduced friends, who were really innocent of all offense against the queen of my soul. But I failed in organizing a harmonious meeting; for though Mrs. Terriss was liberal in giving herself to the good cause of amusing my guests to the best of her ability, she was not satisfied with the meed of applause they gave her, and so condemned them wholesale, in not too subdued a tone, for being bound in the meshes of hopeless mediocrity. Half at least of my lady friends went away offended with her, and she in turn was offended with all my men friends for not having joined her in deriding every body else.

The next morning Miss Pratt took occasion to tell me that she hoped "I was not going to make a fool of myself." I did not deign to answer her, but in the afternoon I proposed to Mrs. Terriss.

It was very romantic. She didn't quite accept me, nor did she by any means refuse me. She told me I was a "foolish boy," and that a great deal of unnecessary fuss was made about engagements. "Love," she said, "to be happy, must be free; directly he was bound he became either odious or ridiculous." To my own surprise I agreed with her; nevertheless, I wrote to my father and mother for their consent to my marriage with Constance Terriss.

They answered me by appearing in person.

I shall not forget the scene very soon. They arrived unexpectedly while we were in the middle of afternoon tea in the room which Mrs. Terriss had confiscated to her own use, and fitted up as her special shrine. She had a fine taste, and contrived to get great effects out of very inadequate material. The aspect of the little apartment in which she was tenting temporarily, preparatory to settling in splendor wherever it might suit her to settle, was very attractive.

It really was a very pretty little scene, and as it was the last in which I trod the boards as Mrs. Terriss's lover, I may be forgiven for reproducing it. There were only four of us present. Mrs. Terriss herself, superb in a peacock blue Watteau gown, "dispensed the graceful hospitalities" of the ebonized tea table and Oriental china. What admirable tea she made! How strong it was, and how hot! How firm and white her hands looked as they played about among the rich deep green dragons and corals of that wonderful old Japanese service! How proud I was of her, and at the same time how diffident I felt about my own poor merits when weighed in the balance against those of such a magnificent woman! As for poor Miss Pratt, she looked much as usual, I suppose, for I can't remember a single detail of her toilet or appearance. But Elinor was exquisite in an ivory white serge that wrapped itself about her in the simplest and most artistic folds. I felt a throb of pride in my future step-daughter as I watched her graceful, composed bearing on this trying afternoon.

Presently into our midst my father and mother burst, full of good feeling for every body concerned, but at the same time a little anxious, naturally, to see the bride whom I—the representative of the house of Mordaunt—had chosen. They both greeted me kindly and gravely, and then my mother, with a fine flush on her sweet good face, turned to Elinor, and said,

"So you're going to be my son's wife, my dear? I don't think I could have chosen better for him myself."

"I don't think you could," Mrs. Terriss exclaimed, with that admirable tact of hers, which is never failing, and which—to cut a long story short—makes her the most agreeable of mothers-in-law.

For of course Elinor and I married, and that little preliminary canter I took with her mother is never referred to, save as a sort of providential mistake which was made for the furtherance of the great scheme of our lives. I hourly bless Mrs. Terriss for being my mother-in-law, in which capacity she is amusing, helpful, and valuable, and doubly bless her for not being my wife.

VALLEY FORGE.

The little Pennsylvania village where Washington established his quarters in the gloomy winter of 1777 was founded very early in the history of our country, and took its name from the establishment of a forge there. Upon the adjacent hill-sides the patriot army encamped, in huts, about the middle of December. It was the most trying period of the Revolution. The army was in a destitute and critical condition, starving and almost naked. It was said the line of march could have been followed by their blood-stained tracks as they moved barefooted over the frozen ground. In front of the encampment flowed the Schuylkill River; the other sides were defended by intrenchments and redoubts, the remains of which are still visible.

The work of building the huts commenced on the 19th of December. Washington himself gave directions for their construction. He ordered the colonels or commanding officers of regiments to divide their men into parties of twelve, and to see that each party had its proportion of tools for the work. As an encouragement to industry, the general offered a reward of twelve dollars to the party in each regiment which finished its hut in the quickest time and most workman-like manner. He also offered a reward of a hundred dollars to the officer or soldier who should devise a covering for the huts cheaper and more quickly made than boards. The following were the dimensions and style of the huts, as given in Washington's Orderly Book: "Fourteen feet by sixteen each; the sides, ends, and roofs made with logs; the roofs made tight with split slabs, or some other way; the sides made tight with clay; a fire-place made of wood, and secured with clay on the inside, eighteen inches thick—this fire-place to be in the rear of the hut; the door to be in the end next the street; the doors to be made of split oak slabs, unless boards can be procured; the side walls to be six feet and a half high. The officers' huts are to form a line in the rear of the troops; one hut to be allowed to each general officer, one to the staff of each brigade, one to the field-officer of each regiment, one to the staff of each regiment, one to the commissioned officers of two companies, and one to every twelve non-commissioned officers and soldiers."

All was activity among those who were sufficiently clad to work in the open air. Some felled trees, others trimmed and cut them into proper lengths, and in a few days the encampment was complete. Washington's own head-quarters were at the house of Isaac Potts, a Quaker preacher. It is a substantial stone building, situated near where Valley Creek enters the Schuylkill. When visited in 1848 by Mr. Lossing, it was occupied by an old Quaker couple. Washington's room was a very small apartment. In the deep east window, whence he could look out upon the greater portion of his camp, are still preserved the cavity and trap-door arranged by the general as a private depository for his papers. The visitor would not know until told that the old bare window-sill upon which he was leaning to gaze upon the hallowed slopes might be lifted and disclose a capacious chest.

The army suffered greatly during the winter from want of clothing and food. The farmers of that region were mostly disaffected, and Washington was compelled to require them to bring in a portion of their grain under penalty of having the whole seized. Many refused compliance, and defended their stores with fire-arms, in some instances burning down their barns rather than supply the soldiers. As a fair price was paid for supplies, this opposition arose, of course, from disaffection toward the cause. The severity and dreariness of that dreadful winter are forcibly expressed in Mr. Julian Scott's picture, given on page 69.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Much interest has been lately attached to the investigation of the zoology of the region which embraces the Aral, Caspian, and Euxine seas, with their affluents; and, as a summation of what is now known, it is stated that about 280 species of fishes are now known in these waters, of which 80 are marine, 100 fresh-water, 40 brackish, 20 inhabit various waters, and 40 are migratory; 150 species belong exclusively to the region, and 10 have spread out into neighboring regions at comparatively recent times. Of the 120 other species, about 25 have a wide range of distribution, about 80 have migrated into the Black Sea from the Mediterranean, and 15 have penetrated into the north. Out of the 160 species limited exclusively to this region, 45 were found in the Black Sea, 54 in the Caspian, and 26 in Lake Aral. Only 6 inhabit all of them, 4 species are common to the Caspian and Aral basins, and 25 to the Black Sea and the Caspian.

A paper upon the currents at mouths of rivers remarks that where these fall into the sea an under-current of perfectly salt water, according to the depth, the nature of the bottom, etc., runs up to a greater or less distance in the opposite direction. The Gotha, for instance, half a (Swedish) mile before its entrance into the sea, has water at the depth of two fathoms of almost the same saltness as sea-water at a similar depth a mile and three-quarters from its mouth. Currents in general are caused not only by the difference in specific gravity, but also by the distribution of rain-fall, evaporation, heat, etc., which produce surface changes.

Until quite recently but one genus of the order of *Leptocardii*, namely, the *Amphioxus branchiostoma*, has been known to naturalists. It is of a very low grade of organization, rendering it the least perfect of the vertebrates. Dr. Peters announces the discovery of a distinct and closely allied form from Australia, which differs in having a high dorsal fin, and wanting caudal and anal fins. These were dredged up in Moreton Bay.

A method of determining the freshness of eggs, frequently employed in France, consists in taking a liter of pure water in which 125 grams of salt are dissolved. Eggs just laid, when placed in this solution, sink at once to the bottom, while those three days old sink just below the surface, and those five days old float on the surface like so many corks.

The seventh report of the observations of the *Challenger* has recently been published by the Admiralty, and embraces the record of ocean soundings and temperatures in the Atlantic Ocean in the voyage between Valparaiso, on the 11th of December, and Spithead, England, on the 24th of May. Between the Falkland Islands and Montevideo a bottom temperature of 31.3° was met with at a depth of 2425 fathoms. This appeared to be the cold antarctic stream which was found on the outgoing voyage between St. Paul Rocks, Fernando Noronha, and the coast of South America. In the section from Montevideo to Tristan d'Acunha brown mud was found at 1900 fathoms, with a bottom temperature of 32°. The mean bottom temperature was 31.4°, the maximum depth was 2900 fathoms, the bottom being generally globigerina ooze and brown mud.

The annual report of the State Fish Commissioners of Virginia has just been published, containing an account of what they have done in carrying out the trusts confided to them by the Legislature. As might have been expected, the first efforts were directed to the propagation of the shad, but they found it extremely difficult to obtain spawners in sufficient number to furnish a satisfactory supply. Only 800,000 young fish were obtained and planted in the Rappahannock, and about 400,000 in the James.

About 320,000 eggs of the California salmon were received from the United States Commission, and of these about 100,000 were hatched out and planted in the various waters of the State, especially those of the James and the Roanoke.

Of the land-locked salmon furnished them, the greater part were hatched out and planted in suitable waters. Something was done also with the red-eyed perch, the bass, and the brook trout.

Professor Lebert has addressed a communication to the Swiss Society of Natural Sciences upon the nature of the amber of Mount Lebanon—a substance known to the ancients, and probably used by the Phœnicians as an article of commerce. This substance is found in lignite, the black color of which penetrates to a greater or less degree the resin itself, producing what is known as the black amber, quite different from that of the Baltic. Some specimens have the brilliant golden color of true amber. Some are of a reddish-brown, and show peculiar striated and concentric layers.

The consistency of this resin is less decided, the fracture more brilliant and more glassy, than that of the true amber. No succinic acid was found in it by heating in a close tube. It was furthermore ascertained that heat causes the powdered amber to swell in distillation without any crystalline spiculæ, and with no reaction of iron. The liquid was of a greenish color, and of a very disagreeable odor, that of succinic acid, as might be expected, being entirely wanting.

From these and other observations it was determined that this resin was not genuine amber, but differs very considerably, probably forming a new species, and possibly the oldest fossil resin known, as its geological relation is in the cretaceous, while amber is in the miocene tertiary. It is proposed to call it Libanite.

The *English Mechanic* gives an account of the decease of Mr. Frederick Bird, of Birmingham, on the 27th of September, at the age of sixty years. Mr. Bird was a fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society and an ardent astronomer, and brought the art of polishing mirrors for telescopes to the highest degree of perfection by a process of his own invention.

Among the most interesting and striking exhibits at the late Centennial, those of the timber trees of the different portions of the globe deservedly attracted much attention, the displays made by Brazil, the Argentine Confederation, Australia, New Zealand, Africa, etc., being especially comprehensive and noteworthy. The value of these collections, however, was in large part materially nullified by the unnecessary multiplication of specimens of the same species, and by the frequently insufficient method of labeling, the majority of the specimens, indeed, having only the provincial name, and thus not capable of identification.

Of all the collections of woods shown at the Centennial, the series displayed by the Department of Agriculture at Washington was by far the most complete and thoroughly systematized, exhibiting as it did about 420 distinct species belonging to the United States, all of them bearing their scientific and vernacular names, and for the most part accompanied by specimens of the leaves, flowers, and fruit.

Trees of every variety of climate were embraced in the collection, from the birches and pines of the North to the palms and yuccas of the South. About thirty species each of oaks and pines were exhibited, and some sixty species of all the conifera; twenty of the leguminous trees, eight each of maples and poplars, thirteen of walnut, and six of birch were included in the collection.

The work of bringing together this admirable exhibition was performed by Dr. George Vasey, the botanist of the Department of Agriculture, the special collectors being Mr. A. H. Curtiss, of Virginia; Mr. Bulkley, of Charlotte, Vermont; Mr. John Wolf, of Illinois; Dr. A. W. Chapman, of Florida; Dr. S. B. Buckley and F. Lindheimer, of Texas; Mr. J. G. Lemon and Mr. G. R. Vasey, of California; Dr. Edward Palmer, of Arizona and Utah; and Mr. A. J. Dufur, of Oregon.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Cardinal Alberoni had a large quantity of silver plate, and among other articles he possessed various salt-cellars, wrought in the form of different animals. A friend of his eminence borrowed a salt-cellar made in the shape of a tiger, but forgot to return it for some time. At length, after the lapse of some six or seven months, he sent it back, requesting at the same time the loan of another in the shape of a tortoise. The cardinal desired to see the person who had brought the message. "You are sent," said he, "by the signor to borrow one of my salt-cellars?" "Yes, your eminence; I am his steward." "You will be good enough to tell your master that I lent him one in the form of a tiger, which is one of the swiftest animals on the earth, and it has been more than six months in returning; were I to lend him the tortoise, which is the slowest of animals, I fear it would never return."

"I suppose you've scarcely ever met with a worse shot than I am?" said a certain noble lord to his gamekeeper. "Oh yes, my lord," responded the keeper, "I've met with many a worse, for you misses 'em so cleanly!"

THE IDEAL AND THE REAL.

"Only a lock of golden hair,"
  The lover sighed. "Perchance to-night
It formeth on her pillow fair
  A halo bright."

"Only a lock of golden hair,"
  The maiden, smiling sweetly, said,
As she laid it over the back of a chair
  And went to bed.

Suggestive.—"I say, doctor, what's become of your dog?" "Why, he attempted to eat a hole through my leg, and before he got through he died suddenly of concussion of the brain," said the doctor, suggestively shaking his heavy walking-stick.

Rifle Practice—Pocket-picking.

A Trance-action—Walking in your sleep.

Bad Argument.—A married man late at his club, on proposing to go home, was urged to stay longer. "Well," he responded, "I suppose I might as well stay, for my wife is probably as mad already as she can be."

Epitaph for a Stock-Broker—Waiting for a rise.

When should you apply a sovereign remedy to your tooth?—When it is a-king.

The gentleman who kissed a lady's "snowy brow" caught a severe cold, and has been laid up ever since.

"You seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend." "Yes, I have been straitened by circumstances."

Mr. Jones was advised to get his life insured. "Won't do it," said he; "it would be my luck to live forever, if I should."

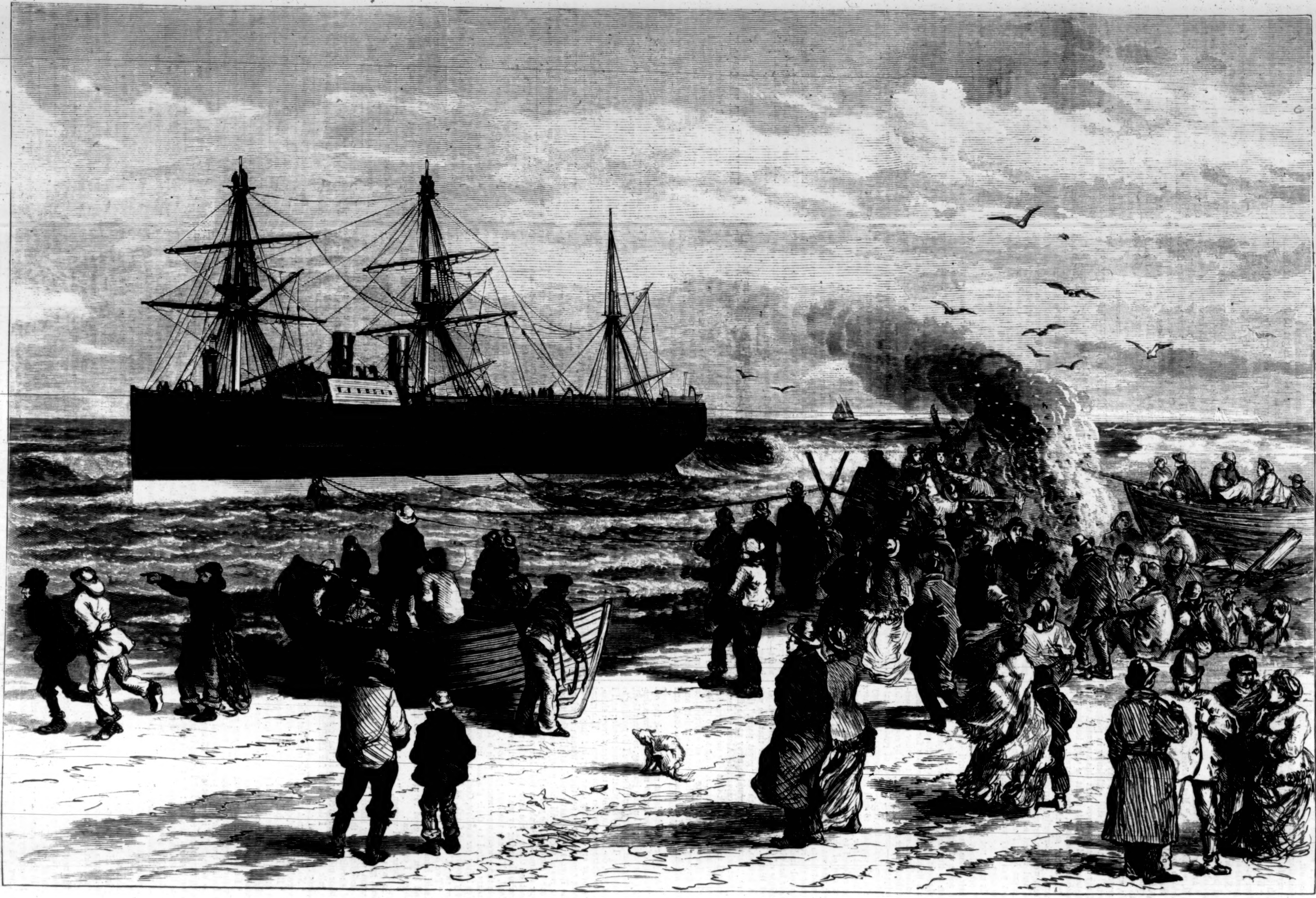
"Miss," said a fop to a young lady, "what a pity that you are not a mirror!" "Why so?" "Because you would be such a good-looking lass."

A politician in Ohio, hearing that a political opponent had just bought a donkey, declared that it was "a very remarkable case of self-possession."

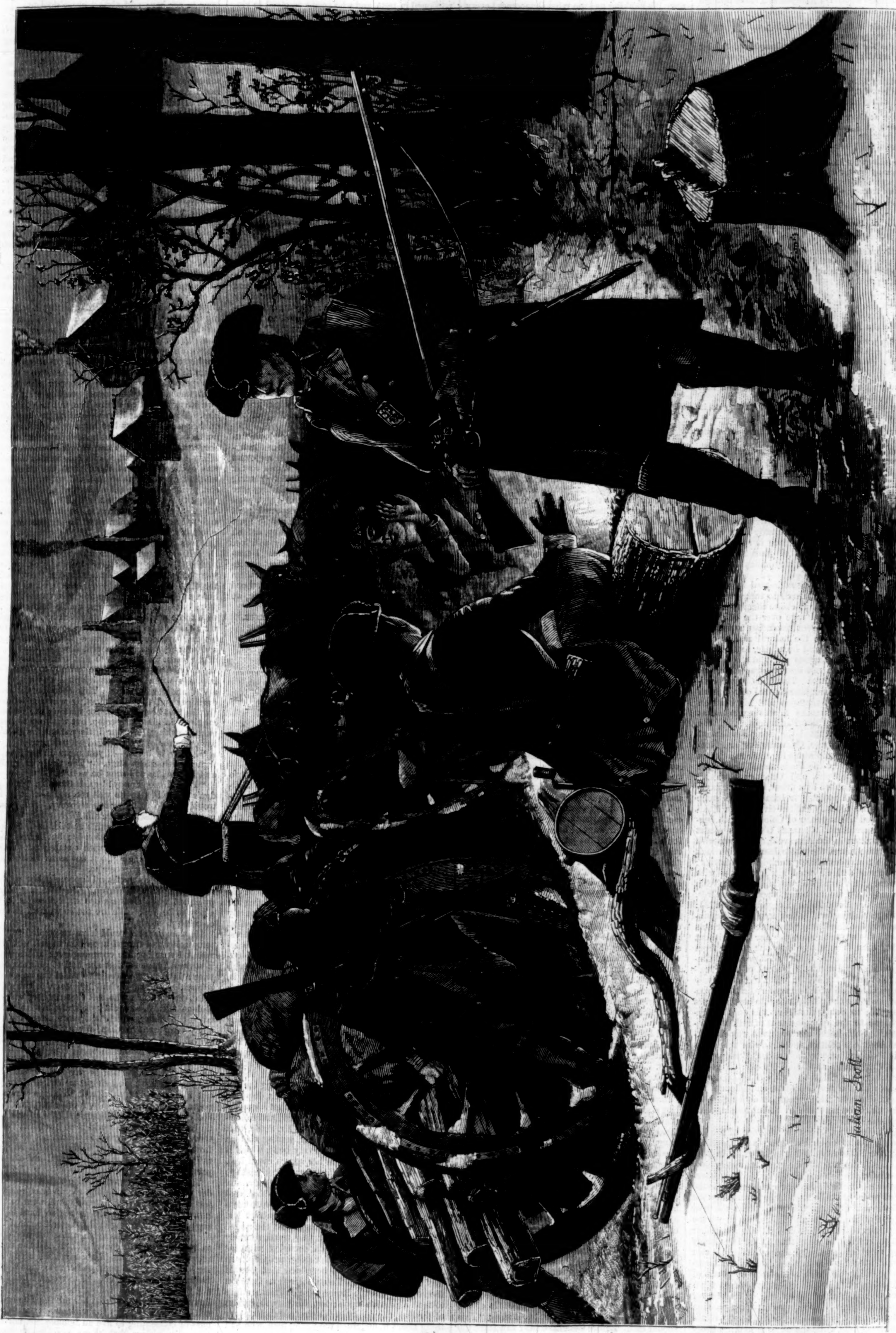
The man who made a shoe for the foot of a mountain is now engaged on a hat for the head of a discourse—after which he will manufacture a plume for General Intelligence.

The following is good grammar: "That that 'that' that that man uttered is not that 'that' that the other gentleman referred to."

An old gentleman, wishing to be at his ease on horseback, took his horse to a riding master to be taught to amble. Two or three trials were made upon the animal with but partial success. "Come, Sir, do you call this an amble?" said the owner. "No, Sir," replied the equestrian; "I call it a preamble."



THE STRANDED STEAM-SHIP "L'AMÉRIQUE."—DRAWN BY GRANVILLE PERKINS.—[SEE PAGE 66.]


Julian Scott

VALLEY FORGE.—DRAWN BY JULIAN SCOTT.—[SEE PAGE 67.]

THE DEATH OF THE CENTURY.

There's a sound of the shouting of men, a sound of the noise of their feet;
The wind has an echo of trumpets as it blows through forest and street;

And the air is full of thanksgiving, and singing of jubilant psalms;
From the North to the South is triumph, and twining of laurel and palms.

For the Century dieth in splendor, to the chiming of holiday bells,
To the grateful "Godspeed!" of nations, and whisper of loving "Farewells!"

He came as those come who shall conquer, and the rulers were pale and distressed,
For they knew that Columbia was nursing a Hercules far in the West—

A Hercules who, in his cradle, the bonds of fierce tyranny broke,
Stood up on his feet and, unaided, withdrew his own neck from the yoke;

Called to him the wise and the mighty, the skillful and thoughtful and bold,
And bade them make ready the New World to comfort the woes of the Old;

Made Knowledge as cheap as the sunshine, and Conscience as free as the air;
The desert a garden and city, the wilderness vocal with prayer;

Bound city to city with iron, the strong with the small and the weak,
And, with mystical fire from heaven, taught the East with the West to speak;

Bade the poor man be happy and rich, and the rich man gracious and just;
With the strength of a mighty right hand, the slave lifted up from the dust.

O Century blessed of God! for the seed thou hast sown shall increase,
As thy star, which rose bloody in war, now sets in the splendor of peace.

Then go to thy place rejoicing, as the sun goeth down to his rest,
For all of thy years were good years, and the last were brightest and best.

THE PAPAL DEMOCRACY AND CIVIL WAR.

The sudden outbreak of insurrectionary violence in New Orleans will naturally draw attention to the sources from whence it springs. A few extracts from a class of journals seldom seen by the general public may indicate some of its peculiar causes.

The indiscreet language addressed by the Roman Catholic clerical journals to their own people, their constant labor to excite them to acts of violence, their fanatical rage over the defeat of Mr. Tilden, their apparent resolution to inaugurate him by force, are the natural results of a want of intelligence and humanity, and of that overbearing and barbarous spirit in the foreign priesthood that can not bear contradiction, and will submit to no control. Thus the *Catholic Universe*, the chief ultramontane journal of Northern Ohio, says: "Lord Strafford lost his head on Tower Hill, and Charles I. was executed at Whitehall, by a Puritan Parliament....If the same spirit that actuated the Long Parliament were found in Congress, Chamberlain and Kellogg and Grant would atone for their treasonous attempts to subvert the fundamental law in the manner of Strafford and Charles Stuart." The *Universe* is edited by a priest, under the sanction of a papal prelate; it breathes the same spirit that has recently excited civil war in Mexico, and filled the republic of Colombia with barbarous insurrection. Charles O'Conor's recent letter is written in the same vein, and shows with what intense hatred the whole Jesuit faction look upon the triumph of free principles in America; their narrow and distorted intellects glow with rage against the hand that would save them from the ruin they would bring upon themselves. Said the New York *Tablet* (December 23, 1876): "If these reckless and selfish men" (the Republicans and the President) "intimate by their acts 'we will not submit to the popular vote without a fight,' then there can be only one answer from free men." Said the *Catholic Telegraph*, of Cincinnati, Bishop Purcell's journal, of the President (November 30, 1876): "But the excessively keen partisanship which has colored all his proclamations since the political dispute began, leaves little room to doubt that Hayes is only a stepping-stone to the enthronement of military despotism." Such is the ultramontane way of looking at American politics, and of sowing the germs of civil discord among their thoughtless people. "The President," says the *Catholic Telegraph* (November 30), "has thrown off all disguise, leagues with the revolutionists, and silences the voice of the law. He respects no civil rights, he is restrained by no dread of lawful resistance to his alliance with revolution."

In New Orleans, where the violence of the Democracy has so often been shown in merciless deeds, the Roman Catholic element rules in politics, and the Roman Catholic press and clergy have incessantly promoted civil discord. The *Morning Star and Catholic Messenger* of that city is the official paper of the Roman Church, and, like the *Universe* and Charles O'Conor, speaks the real purpose of the Jesuits and Rome. It urges the Democracy to immediate action. On November 26 it said: "In the mean time, is the Democracy going to stand quietly by and let itself be tied hand and foot? We, then, ask, is [*sic*] the American people to wait *meekly* for some overt act of usurpation, when it will be almost too late for it to move successfully in defense of its rights? Among nations, when *two powers* are in a position that may result in hostilities, one of them will not sit supinely idle while the other is making every preparation for active war. The 'two powers' in this case are the rebel Democracy and the Federal government. They are as antagonistic this day as Ireland and Great Britain or as France and Germany. Grant [the head of the Federal government] is flanking us [the rebel Democracy] every where. He is quietly taking charge of all his positions and fortifying them. Among other things, he is going to take charge of the government of this State and South Carolina. It is for the Democracy—the national Democracy—to say if he shall be permitted to do it." The aim of this "religious" and ultramontane journal is plainly to excite another insurrection, and the examples of Mexico and Colombia seem to have stimulated the zeal of the restless priests. On the 16th of May, 1875—it is a curious coincidence—when there was a rising in Mexico against President Lerdo, who had proposed a system of common schools for that country, the same journal, the New Orleans *Star and Messenger*, said: "The infidel Masonic government of Mexico has insulted the faith and violated the religious liberty of the Mexican people; still revolution would be unwise in them. But of the theoretical right of the people to throw off the monstrous tyranny which enslaves them—of that right we have no doubt," etc. They must wait, it says, until they have "every assurance of success." "The race of wickedness is shorter sometimes and in some places than in others." Time has passed on, and the priests have perfected the revolution they began in Mexico a year and more ago. It would be easy—it is unnecessary—to quote from nearly every Roman Catholic journal, from New York to San Francisco, utterances equally imprudent and equally dangerous to the peace of our tolerant land where the Papal Church has alone found a safe and generous shelter.

But it may be asked, what military resources have these active plotters to rely upon in case they proceed to execute their threats? The formation of Irish Catholic military companies in various parts of the Union might seem too absurd for belief. It is, however, not to be doubted. How large this army of fanatics may be can not be estimated, but it exists in considerable numbers, ready to execute the commands of the Roman Catholic Democracy. The formation of a body of "Catholic independent militia" was openly advertised in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, July, 1875. The *Catholic Telegraph* at the time admitted the fact of the existence of these Catholic military organizations, and explained their aim, as follows: "The chivalric spirit of Catholicity has been re-awakened, and persecution has cured the canker of indifference that had in more than one land destroyed the activity of the Catholic faith....It has raised up a *Catholic militia*, whose numbers increase by opposition, in the various lay societies recently established....It is an exhibition of that exhaustless strength which the Church never fails to display in the hour of danger. The only tie that unites them is the desire to preserve the faith and to transmit it to the next generation by their own uncompromising observance of *every law which the Church enacts*, and by the rejection of every false doctrine, religious, social, or political, which the Church condemns....The policy for a bold defense of life and property will be universally adopted." Why Roman Catholics should form independent military companies, why they should arm in a land of peace and good order, what wild crusade their leaders are meditating, may well be asked of Messrs. Brown Brothers, Potter, Hewitt, and other Democratic chiefs who seem to have become the helpless instruments of an ultramontane plot. Are they willing to lead the Catholic militia of the *Telegraph* or the *Star and Messenger*, and carry out the policy of the foreign priests?

The extraordinary want of patriotism and discretion in the papal authorities among us is only equaled by their want of humanity. Tenderness for human life and the prevention of cruelty and crime, one would suppose, should chiefly distinguish a missionary and alien Church. It should not only breathe the spirit of peace, but labor ever to shield the weak from the hand of the cruel and the severe. Yet the Roman Church, under its ultramontane guides, has openly come forward in the New World as the champion of extraordinary crimes. It is true, the victims whose fate it would hide or condone are only poor white and colored Republicans—Protestants, perhaps—who have perished far away, at Hamburg, South Carolina, in the recesses of Georgia and Florida, or the savage riots of Mississippi and Louisiana; but their murderers are just as guilty as if they had stricken down opulent citizens of New York or Boston. And whoever seeks to hide or palliate their crime is as much a sharer in it as if he had stood behind them and aimed the deadly weapon. It is, indeed, a maxim in morals that he who instigates or approves an offense is already guilty of it. And to the various acts of cruelty and violence which have marked the lawless classes of the country for ten years past, the Roman Catholic priesthood have given an open approval. Not a single papal prelate has raised his voice in the cause of humanity; no tear of pity flows for the humble sufferers from any member of this haughty fraternity. It hears none of the cruel deeds that have been vainly enacted to make Mr. Tilden President. The *Catholic Mirror*, of Baltimore, speaks the feeling of the Metropolitan diocese of its Church. "The illustrious Governor of the State of New York has been chosen to the highest office of a great people," it exclaimed, after the first news of the election. What did it care for the cruel means by which its "illustrious" candidate had won Georgia or Mississippi, for the immense sums he had aided the Ring in squandering for the people of New York, since the "Church" had authorized and profited from both? Another Roman Catholic paper—also governed by priest and prelate—the Boston *Pilot*, is equally ardent in its approval of the worst deeds of the Southern outlaws. November 26, it said: "This should end. Before General Grant can force the country into civil war, let the people proclaim their will, and affright the evil-doers from their purpose. The infamous system pursued by the radicals," etc. December 16 the *Pilot* undertakes the defense of Wade Hampton, the rebel of 1861, pardoned in 1865, and who seems resolved to violate his pledge of honor anew. "He is a Southern O'Connell," it thinks, "holding the angry forces of an outraged people in his right hand, and holding them back. A word from him, and the insolent adventurer who has usurped the government of the State would be hurled from its territory. Who can blame him if the word were given?" This valorous paper also threatens England that if war breaks out in the East, Ireland "will meet it face to face." Not content with carrying its besom of destruction to Washington or New York, Ireland, it seems, is to lead all America to a crusade against the Protestants of Europe.

It may be said that these foolish threats and idle boasts of Roman Catholic editors in all parts of the country, of what they will do if Tilden is not forced into office, are without any weight or meaning. But the papal prelates overlook their religious press with sedulous attention. Each Roman Catholic paper is controlled by Jesuits and priests: no article can appear in it that has not passed the censorship of the ruling hierarchy, or that does not represent the real feeling of the Papal Church. By these newspapers the public sentiment of the larger part of our foreign population is governed: they stimulate sedition and rouse to crime in quarters where no restraining influence is allowed to come: they have a public to which no one else is suffered to speak. During the past year Messrs. Kelly, M'Closkey, and others established a German Catholic newspaper, to unite the uncultivated German Catholics of Brooklyn and New York in the cause of Democracy and the destruction of the common schools. It failed, and fell into the hands of a receiver. Its history, told in the courts, shows how busily occupied have been the papal priests in playing upon the ignorance and folly of our foreign population.

We have been asked by Messrs. Brown Brothers, Potter, Hewitt, and others to place the national government in the hands of these men, and yield up the destinies of the New World to the care of the ultramontanes. It would be placing arms in the hands of madmen. Would they ever give them up without civil war? A great peril has just been escaped, and a perpetual peril hangs over us for the future. The people must unite to oppose the ultramontane policy, defend knowledge, advance education, or they will lose the liberties left them by their fathers. Democrats and Republicans must join to defeat the intrigues of the foreign Church, or it will ruin them by their divisions. The ultramontane priesthood mean civil war. If we do not vote them down, we may have to fight them down.

Eugene Lawrence.

CARITÀ.

By MRS. OLIPHANT,

Author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," "Innocent," "Squire Arden," "The Perpetual Curate," "Ombra," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.

OSWALD AND AGNES.

This was a time of great agitation for the two houses so close to each other, with only a wall dividing the troubles of the one from the excitement of the other, and a kind of strange union between them, linking them more closely in the very attempt at disjunction. The greater part of the private commotion which was going on, as it were, under-ground, was concealed from Cara as not a proper subject of discussion before her; but it was not necessary to take any steps of the kind with Oswald, who, in his light-hearted indifference, ignored it comfortably, and followed his own devices through the whole without giving the other affairs a thought. After all, the idea of any one exciting himself or herself over the question whether a respectable old fogy like Mr. Beresford should go on paying perpetual visits to a respectable matron like his mother, touched Oswald's mind with a sense of the ludicrous which surmounted all seriousness. If they liked it, what possible harm could there be? He had not the uneasy prick of wounded feeling, the sense of profanation, which moved Edward at the idea of his mother's conduct being questioned in any way. Oswald was fond of his mother, and proud of her, though he was disposed to smile at her absurd popularity and the admiration she excited among her friends. He would have thought it a great deal more natural that he himself should be the object of attraction; but granting the curious taste of society, at which he felt disposed to laugh, then it rather pleased him that *his* mother should be so popular, still admired and followed at her age. He thought, like Mr. Seton, that she was something of a humbug, getting up that pretense of sympathy with every body, which it was impossible any one in her senses could feel. But so long as it brought its reward, in the shape of so much friendliness from every body, and gratitude for the words and smiles, which cost nothing, Oswald, at least, saw no reason to complain. And as for scandal arising about Mr. Beresford, he could not but laugh. At their age! So he pursued his easy way as usual, serenely light-hearted, and too much occupied with his own affairs to care much for other people's. In addition to this, it must be added that Oswald was falling in love. Those interviews between the hospital and the House were but meagre fare to feed a passion upon; but the very slightness of the link, the oddity of the circumstances, every thing about it, delighted the young man, who had already gone through a great many drawing-room flirtations, and required the help of something more piquant. He was very happy while they were all so agitated and uncomfortable. Twice a week were hospital days, at which he might hope to see her; and almost every morning now he managed to cross the path of the little school procession, at least, if he did not always catch the eye of the demure little teacher in her long black cloak. Sometimes she would not look at him sternly; sometimes she gave him a semi-indignant, sometimes a wholly friendly, glance; sometimes, he feared, did not perceive him at all. But that was not Oswald's fault. He made a point of taking off his hat, and, indeed, holding it in his hand a moment longer than was necessary, by way of showing his respect, whether she showed any signs of perceiving him or not. She went softly along the vulgar pavement with steps which he thought he could distinguish among all the others, ringing upon the stones with a little rhythm of their own, about which he immediately wrote some verses. All this he would tell to Cara, coming to her in the morning before he set out to watch the children defiling out of the House. And all the world thought, as was natural, that the subject of these talks was his love for Cara, not his love, confided to Cara, for some one else.

As for Agnes, she not only saw Oswald every time he made his appearance, whether she allowed him to know it or not, but she felt his presence in every nerve and vein, with anger for the first day or two after Roger's visit, then with a softening of all her heart toward him as she caught his reverential glance, his eager appeal to her attention. After all, whispers to Cara, whom he had known all her life—little Cara, who even to Agnes herself seemed a child—could not mean half so much as this daily haunting of her own walks, this perpetual appearance wherever she was. That was a totally different question from her own struggle not to notice him, not to think of him. The fact that it was shocking and terrible on her part to allow her mind to dwell on any man, or any man's attentions, while occupied in the work to which she had devoted herself, and filling almost the position of a consecrated Sister, was quite a different thing from the question whether he was a false and untrustworthy person, plying her with the devices of a vulgar pursuit, a thing too impious to think of, too humiliating. Agnes was anxious to acquit the man who admired and sought her, as well as determined to reject his admiration; and, for the moment, the first was actually the more important of the two. Herself she could be sure of. She had not put her hand to the plow merely to turn back. She was not going to abandon her ideal at the call of the first lover who held out his hand to her. Surely not; there could be no doubt on that subject; but that this generous, gentle young man, with those poetic sentiments which had charmed yet abashed her mind, that he should be false to his fair exterior, and mean something unlovely and untrue, instead of a real devotion, that was of the most importance to find out. Therefore she did not altogether refuse to reply to Oswald's inquiries when the next hospital day brought about another meeting. This time he did not even pretend that the meeting was accidental, that he had been too late for making the proper inquiries in his own person, but went up to her, eagerly asking for "our little patient," with all the openness of a recognized acquaintance.

"Emmy is better—if you mean Emmy," said Agnes, with great state. "The fever is gone, and I hope she will soon be well."

"Poor little Emmy!" said Oswald; "but I don't want her to be well too soon—that is, it would not do to hurry her recovery. She must want a great deal of care still."

He hoped she would smile at this, or else take it literally and reply seriously; but Agnes did neither. She walked on, with a stately air, quickening her pace slightly, but not so as to look as if she were trying to escape.

"I suppose, as the fever is gone, she has ceased to imagine herself in heaven," said Oswald. "Happy child! when sickness has such illusions, it is a pity to be well. We are not so well off in our commonplace life."

He thought she would have responded to the temptation and turned upon him to ask what he meant by calling life commonplace; and indeed it stirred Agnes so that she had to quicken her pace a little more in order to resist the bait thus offered. She said nothing, however, to Oswald's great discomfiture, who felt that nothing was so bad as silence, and did not know how to overcome the blank, which had more effect on his lively temperament than any amount of disapproval and opposition. But he made another valorous effort before he would complain.

"Yours, however, is not a commonplace life," he said. "We worldlings pay for our ease by the sense that we are living more or less ignobly; but it must be very different with you who are doing good always. Only, forgive me, is there not a want of a little pleasure, a little color, a little brightness? The world is so beautiful," said Oswald, his voice slightly faltering, not so much from feeling as from fear that he might be venturing on dubious ground. "And *we* are so young."

That pronoun, so softly said, with such a tender emphasis and meaning, so much more than was ever put into two letters before, went to the heart of Agnes. She was trying so hard to be angry with him, trying to shut herself against the insinuating tone of his voice, and those attempts to beguile her into conversation. All the theoretical fervor that was in her mind had been boiling up to reply, and perhaps her resolution would not have been strong enough to restrain her, had not that *we* come in, taking the words from her lips and the strength from her mind. She could neither protest against the wickedness and weakness of consenting to live an ignoble life, nor indignantly declare that there was already more than pleasure, happiness, and delight in the path of self-sacrifice, when suddenly all the force was stolen out of her by that tiny monosyllable—*we!* How dared he identify himself with her? Draw her into union with him by that little melting yet binding word? She went on faster than ever in the agitation of her thoughts, and was scarcely conscious that she made him no answer, though surely what he had said called for some reply.

Oswald was at his wits' end. He did not know what to say more. He made a little pause for some reply, and then getting none, suddenly changed his tone into one of piteous appeal. "Are you angry with me?" he said. "What have I done? Don't you mean to speak to me any more?"

"Yes," she said, turning suddenly round, so that he could not tell which of his questions she was answering. "I am vexed that you will come with me. Gentlemen do not insist on walking with ladies to whom they have not been introduced, whom they have met only by chance."

He stopped short suddenly, moved by the accusation, but unfortunately Agnes too, startled by his start, stopped also, and gave him a curious, half-defiant, half-appealing look, as if asking what he was going to do; and this look took away all the irritation which her words had produced. He proceeded to excuse himself going on, but a little slower, compelling her to wait for him—for it did not occur to Agnes, though she had protested against his company, to take the remedy into her own hands, and be so rude as to break away.

"What could I do?" he said, piteously. "You would not tell me even your name—you know mine. I don't know how to address you, nor how to seek acquaintance in all the proper forms. It is no fault of mine."

This confused Agnes by a dialectic artifice for which she was not prepared. He gave a very plausible reason, not for the direct accusation against him, but for a lesser collateral fault. She had to pause for a moment before she could see her way out of the maze. "I did not mean that. I meant you should not come at all," she said.

"Ah! you can not surely be so hard upon me," cried Oswald, in real terror, for it had not occurred to him that she would, in cold blood, send him away. "Don't banish me!" he cried. "Tell me what I am to do for the introduction—where am I to go? I will do any thing. Is it my fault that I did not know you till that day?—till that good child, bless her, broke her leg? I shall always be grateful to poor little Emmy. She shall have a crutch of gold if she likes. She shall never want any thing I can give her. Do you think I don't feel the want of that formula of an introduction? With that I should be happy. I should be able to see you at other times than hospital days, in other places than the streets. The streets are beautiful ever since I knew you," cried the young man, warming with his own words, which made him feel the whole situation much more forcibly than before, and moved him at least, whether they moved her.

"Oh!" cried Agnes, in distress, "you must not talk to me so. You must not come with me, Mr. Meredith. Is not my dress enough—"

"There, now!" he said, "see what a disadvantage I am under. I dare not call you Agnes, which is the only sweet name I know. And your dress! You told me yourself you were not a Sister."

"It is quite true," she said, looking at him, trying another experiment. "I am a poor teacher, quite out of your sphere."

"But then, fortunately, I am not poor," said Oswald, almost gayly, in sudden triumph. "Only tell me where your people are—where I am to go for that introduction. I thank thee, Lady Agnes, Princess Agnes, for teaching me that word. I will get my introduction or die."

"Oh, here we are at the House!" she cried, suddenly, in a low tone of horror, and darted away from him up the steps to the open door. Sister Mary Jane was standing there unsuspicious, but visibly surprised. She had just parted with some one, whom poor Agnes, in her terror, ran against; for in the warmth of the discussion they had come up to the very gate of the House, the entrance to that sanctuary where lovers were unknown. Sister Mary Jane opened a pair of large blue eyes, which Oswald (being full of admiration for all things that were admirable) had already noted, and gazed at him, bewildered, letting Agnes pass without comment. He took off his hat with his most winning look of admiring respectfulness as he went on. No honor in winning over Sister Mary Jane, who was a fair and comely Sister, though no longer young. Would Agnes, he wondered, have the worldly wisdom to make out that he was an old acquaintance, or would she infer the truth? Would Sister Mary Jane prove a dragon, or, softened by her own beauty and the recollection of past homages, excuse the culprit? Oswald knew very well that anyhow, while he walked off unblamed and unblamable, the girl, who had been only passive, and guilty of no more than the mildest indiscretion, would have to suffer more or less. This, however, did not move him to any regret for having compromised her. It rather amused him, and seemed to give him a hold over her. She could not take such high ground now and order him away. She was in the same boat, so to speak. Next time they met she would have something to tell which he would almost have a right to know. It was the establishing of confidence between them. Oswald did not reckon at a very serious rate the suffering that might arise from Sister Mary Jane's rebuke. "They have no thumb-screws in those new convents, and they don't build girls up in holes in the walls nowadays," he said to himself, and, on the whole, the incident was less likely to end in harm than in good.

Agnes did not think so, who rushed in, not to her room, which would have been a little comfort, but to the curtained corner of the dormitory, from which she superintended night and day "the middle girls," who were her charge, and where she was always afraid of some small pair of peeping eyes prying upon her seclusion. She threw off her bonnet, and flung herself on her knees by the side of her little bed. Oh, what a farce it was, she thought, to cover such feelings as surged in her heart under the demure drapery of that black cloak, or to tie the conventual bonnet on cheeks that burned with blushes, called there by such words as she had been hearing! She bent down her face upon the coverlet, and cried as if her heart would break, praying for forgiveness, though these severe words would run in and out of her prayers, mixing with her heart-broken expressions of penitence in the most bewildering medley. After all, there was no such dreadful harm done. She was not a Sister, nor had she ever intended to be a Sister, but that very simple reflection afforded the fanciful girl no comfort. She had come here to seek a higher life, and, lo! at once, at the first temptation, had fallen—fallen into what? Into the foolishness of the foolishest girl without an ideal. She whose whole soul had longed to lay hold on the ideal, to get into some higher atmosphere or some loftier level of existence! It was not Sister Mary Jane she was afraid of, it was herself whom she had so offended; for already—could it be possible?—insidious traitors in her heart had begun to ply her with suggestions of other kinds of perfection, wicked lines of poetry stole into her head, foolish stories came to her recollection. Oh! even praying, even penitence, were not enough to keep out this strife. She sprang to her feet, and rushed to St. Cecilia, the room which was her battle-ground, and where the noise of the girls putting away their books and work, and preparing to go to her, promised her exemption, for a little while at least, from any possibility of thought. But Agnes was not to be let off so easily. In the passage she met Sister Mary Jane. "I was just going to send for you," said the Sister, benign but serious. "Come to my room, Agnes. Sister Sarah Ann will take the children to tea."

Agnes followed, with her heart, she thought, standing still. But it would be a relief to be scolded, to be delivered from the demon of self-reproach in her own bosom. Sister Mary Jane seated herself at a table covered with school-books and account-books, in the little bare room, covered with matting, which was all the House afforded for the comfort of its rulers. She pointed to a low seat which all the elder girls knew well, which was the stool of repentance for the community. "My dear," said Sister Mary Jane, "did you know that gentleman in the world? Tell me truly, Agnes. You are only an assistant. You are not under our rule, and there is no harm in speaking to an acquaintance. But so long as any one wears our dress, there must be a certain amount of care. Did you know him, my dear, tell me, in the world?"

Agnes could not meet the big blue serious eyes. Her head drooped upon her breast. She began to cry. "I do not think it was my fault. Oh, I have been wrong, but I did not mean it! It was not my fault."

"That is not an answer, my dear," said Sister Mary Jane.

And then the whole story came rushing forth with sobs and excuses and self-accusations all in one. "It is the badness in my heart. I want to be above the world, but I can not. Things come into my mind that I don't want to think. I would rather, far rather, be devoted to my work, and think of nothing else, like you, Sister Mary Jane. And then I get tempted to talk, to give my opinion. I was always fond of conversation. Tell me what to do to keep my course straight, to be like you. Oh, if I could keep steady and think only of one thing! It is my thoughts that run off in every direction. It is not this gentleman. Oh, what can one do when one's heart is so wrong!"

Sister Mary Jane listened with a smile. Oswald's confidence in her beautiful eyes was perhaps not misplaced. And probably she was conscious now and then of thinking of something else as much as her penitent. She said, "My dear, I don't think you have a vocation. I never thought it. A girl may be a very good girl and not have a vocation. So you need not be very unhappy if your thoughts wander; all of us have not the same gifts. But, Agnes, even if you were in the world, instead of being in this House, which should make you more careful, you would not let a gentleman talk to you whom you did not know. You must not do it again."

"It was not meant badly," said Agnes, veering to self-defense. "He wanted to know how little Emmy was. It was the gentleman who carried her to the hospital. It was kindness, it was not meant for—"

"Yes, I saw who it was. And I can understand how it came about. But it is so easy to let an acquaintance spring up, and so difficult to end it when it has taken root. Perhaps, my dear, you had better not go to little Emmy again."

"Oh!" Agnes gave a cry of remonstrance and protest. It did not hurt her to be told not to speak to him any more, but not to go! She was not sure herself that it was all for little Emmy's sake, and this made her unhappy, but not willing to relinquish the expedition. Sister Mary Jane, however, took no notice of the cry. She put a heap of exercises into Agnes's hands to be corrected. "They must all be done to-night," she said, calculating, with benevolent severity, that this would occupy all the available time till bedtime. "*Un chiodo caccia un'altro,*" she said to herself, being an accomplished person, with strange tongues at her command. And thus she sent the culprit away, exhausted with tears and supplied with work. "I will send you some tea to St. Monica, where you can be quiet," she said. And then Agnes toiled all the evening over her exercises, and had not a moment to spare. "Occupation, occupation," said the Sister to herself; "that is the only thing. She will do very well if she has no time to think."

But was that the ideal life? I doubt if Sister Mary Jane thought so; but she was old enough to understand the needs of such people, which Agnes was still young enough to have indignantly repudiated. For her part, Agnes felt that a little more thought would save her. If she could get vain imaginations out of her head, and those scraps of poetry and bits of foolish novels, and replace them with real thought—thought upon serious subjects, something worthy the name—how soon would all those confusing, tantalizing shadows flee away! But, in the mean time, it is undeniable that the girl left this interview with a sense of relief, such as it is to be supposed is one of the chief reasons why confession continues to hold its place, named or nameless, in all religious communions more or less. Sister Mary Jane was not the spiritual director of the community, though I think the place would have very well become her; but it was undeniable that the mind of Agnes was lightened after she had poured forth her burdens—also that her sin did not look quite so heinous as it had done before. Also, that the despair which had enveloped her, and of which the consciousness that she must never so sin again formed no inconsiderable part, was imperceptibly dispelled, and the future as well as the past made less gloomy. Perhaps, if any very searching inspection had been made into those recesses of her soul which were but imperfectly known to Agnes herself, it might have been read there that there was no longer any crushing weight of certainty as to the absolute cessation of the sin. But that was beyond the reach of investigation. Anyhow, she had no time to think any more. Never had exercises so bad come under the young teacher's inspection; her brain reeled over the misspellings, the misunderstandings. Healthy human ignorance, indifference, opacity, desire to get done anyhow, could not have shown to greater advantage. They entirely carried out the intentions of Sister Mary Jane, and left her not a moment for thought, until she got to her recess in the dormitory. And then, after the whisperings were all hushed, and the lights extinguished, Agnes was too tired for any thing but sleep—a result of occupation which the wise Sister was well aware of too. Indeed, every thing turned out so well in the case of this young penitent, that Sister Mary Jane deemed it advisable not to interfere with the visits to the hospital. If she surmounted temptation, why then she was safe; if not, other steps must be taken. Anyhow, it was well that her highly wrought feelings and desire of excellence should be put to the test; and as Agnes was not even a postulant, but still in "the world," an unwise backsliding of this kind was less important. No real harm could come to her. Nevertheless, Sister Mary Jane watched her slim figure disappear along the street from her window with unusual interest. Was it mere interest in little Emmy that had made the girl so anxious to go, or was she eager to encounter the test and try her own strength? Or was there still another reason, a wish more weak, more human, more girlish? Agnes walked on very quickly, pleased to find herself at liberty. She was proud of the little patient, whose small face brightened with delight at the sight of her. And she did not like the sensation of being shut up out of danger, and saved arbitrarily from temptation. Her heart rose with the determination to keep her own pure ideal path, whatever solicitations or blandishments might assail her. And, indeed, to Agnes, as to a knight of romance, it is not to be denied that "the danger's self was hers alone."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JANUARY, 1877.

Sunday, 28.—Septuagesima Sunday.

The death of Mr. P. P. Bliss, one of the victims of the Ashtabula disaster on the Lake Shore road, has elicited throughout the country many expressions of sorrow. He was on his way to Chicago to follow up the work of Messrs. Moody and Sankey in that city. Mr. Bliss was but thirty-eight years old at the time of his decease, and had only in the later years of his life become a proficient in music. Ten years ago he entered the music store of Messrs. Root & Cady in Chicago, and remained there until the great fire of 1872. Since then he has been an active evangelist, and with Major Whittle has made long tours through the country. Some of his best-known pieces are, "Hold the Fort," "Pull for the Shore," "Jesus loves even me." His songs have done much to popularize the religious movement of our day, which has so visibly affected the masses of the population in England, Scotland, Ireland, and the United States.

A meeting has been held in the city of Nashville for the relief of the Southern Methodist Publishing House, which is located in that city. The bishops, the Book Committee, and other officials were in attendance. It was ordered that collections be taken in all the congregations in the month of February for "the permanent relief of the house." The Southern Methodist Church is its own book publisher, and issues one newspaper, the *Christian Advocate*, of Nashville.

It would seem from statements in the *Christian World* that the preparations for the proposed Pan-Presbyterian Council, to meet in Edinburgh this summer, do not go on with perfect smoothness. Professor Blaikie is now addressing meetings on its behalf in Scotland. Says the *World*: "Not a few who were opposed to such an alliance at all are, however, looking more favorably upon this project, while there still remain those who feel the whole matter to be a delicate one. A studious attempt will be made to avoid any thing like a conflict of opinion, and if the delegates are to discuss nothing but foregone conclusions, the meeting will fall below what was expected of it. Canada hopes to send a strong deputation, and a worthy representative is looked for from the Cape of Good Hope. Professor Von Oosterzee, Professor Godet, and Dr. De Pressensé hope to be present from the Continent. The German Church not being considered Presbyterian, it is believed this important state will not be officially represented." In this country the project of such an Alliance is received with great favor.

The new method of supporting the Methodist bishops—by the direct contributions of the people—is likely to have its difficulties. It is required that each pastor shall share his income from his congregation *pro rata* with the members of the Episcopal Board. A minister in Kansas, who receives his allowance in corn and other provisions, writes to New York to ascertain how he is to send on to head-quarters there the episcopal portion. As he "shucks" the corn himself, he invites the bishops to come and "shuck the corn they receive." "What a grand sight," writes this merry itinerant, "it would be for the Board of Bishops and presiding elder to go with me in a borrowed wagon drawn by my own mules, striking out some frosty morning for a corn field to get our several shares!"

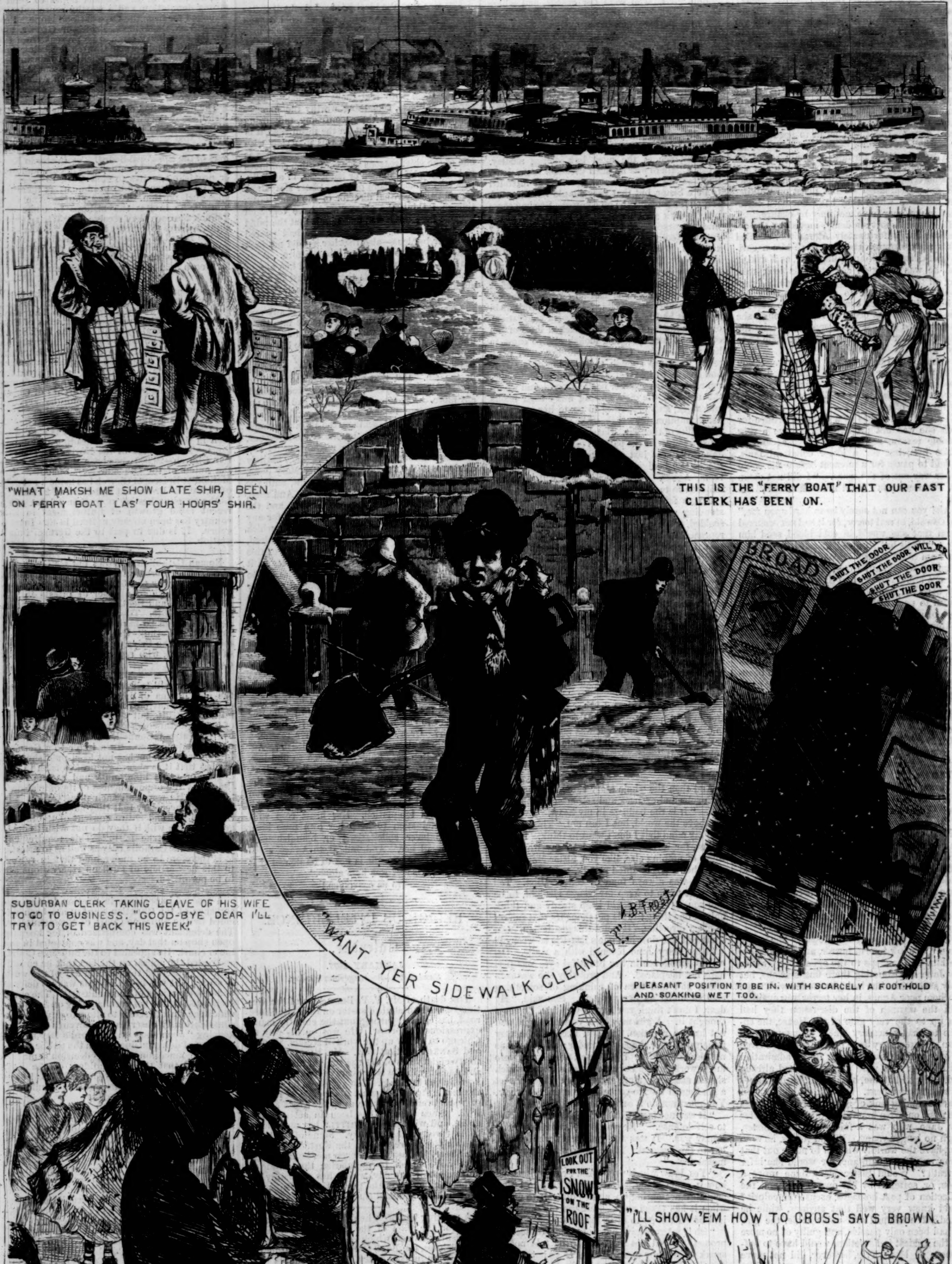
The preparations for the opening of the meetings of Messrs. Moody and Sankey in Boston, January 14, were very complete. On Thursday, January 4, the Congregational churches of Boston held a preparatory meeting in the Park Street Church, which continued without intermission from 11 o'clock A.M. to 8.30 P.M. Thursday, January 11, was recommended by the committee of arrangements as a day of special prayer for the success of Mr. Moody's labors. Large numbers have been added to the churches of Chicago as the result of the three months' services of the evangelists there. The general effect of the religious awakening which has prevailed in the United States for the year past is also to be seen in the statistics of the leading denominations. The increase of the Northern Presbyterian Church—29,000—has been the largest since the union of the Old and New Schools. The Methodist Episcopal Church has made a net gain of 33,000, the Protestant Episcopal of 24,000, the Lutheran churches of more than 60,000. The recent rapid growth of Lutheranism in this country has been already noticed in this Intelligence. It is due in part to the German immigration.

Roman Catholicism grows but slowly in England. The increase in the number of priests for the past year was 64, of churches and chapels, 26. The whole number of priests in England, Wales, and Scotland is 2088, of churches and chapels, 1315. There are 36 Roman Catholic peers, of whom 26 have seats in the House of Lords; the Catholics also have 47 baronets, 7 members of the Privy Council, and 50 members of Parliament, who represent Irish constituencies.

The Pope will tolerate no half acceptance of the new dogma of infallibility. Some priests of Germany, having after much hesitation admitted its truth, but with an expressed doubt of the opportuneness of the definition set forth by the Vatican Council, the Holy Father has pounced upon them. In a letter to a German bishop, whose name has not been published, he teaches that it is absurd to profess faith in the dogma of papal infallibility and at the same time deny the opportuneness of its official declaration. He warns all such priests "that it is absolutely necessary that they adopt the definition by a full and entire consent of the intelligence and the will, if they do not wish to deviate from the true faith." This requirement applies to the Catholic laity as well as to priests. It is therefore to be understood that in regard to this new article of faith no reservations are to be permitted.

A case of importance in relation to the observance of the Christian Sunday has been decided by the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. The defendant was complained of for keeping open shop on that day, and was convicted in the lower court. He appealed to the Supreme Court, and rested the appeal on the fact that he conscientiously observed the seventh day of the week as sacred. It was held that this was no defense under the statutes of Massachusetts. The court drew a distinction between laboring on Sunday—which the statute seems to allow to any one who conscientiously observes the seventh day—and keeping "open shop on the Lord's Day for the purpose of doing business with the public therein." In connection with this decision it may be mentioned that the stockholders of the East Tennessee, Virginia, and Georgia Railroad have asked their officers to suspend the running of trains on Sunday.

M. De Pressensé has sent to the English press an explanation of the troubles in the Reformed Church of France, which is in many respects painful reading. This Church has had a glorious history; during its years of suffering it continued steadfast to the Protestant faith, and produced confessors who sealed with their blood their testimony to the truth. Under the first Napoleon, all churches, Catholic and Protestant, were subsidized by the state, the ministers being paid out of the public treasury. Rationalism and orthodoxy were both represented in the Reformed body, but, there being no Synod, came to collision in the Consistories only. From 1860 to 1870 the conflict was at its height in the Consistories, and in that of Paris led to the dismissal of M. Athanase Coquerel, Jun., a brilliant leader of the liberal or rationalistic party. After the fall of the last empire, the orthodox party obtained permission for the assembling of a Synod, the first in many years. Here the evangelicals had a majority, and adopted a declaration of faith to which they required the adhesion of all ministers and candidates for the ministry. The government gave its sanction to this declaration, which thus acquired the force of law. The vigorous protests of the liberals against the action of the Synod have led the government to hesitate; since then fruitless efforts have been made to reconcile the parties. M. De Pressensé is of opinion that the evangelical party erred "in seeking to reconstitute itself, in strict accordance with its principles, as if it were a free and self-supporting Church."


BROAD
SHUT THE DOOR
SHUT THE DOOR WILL YER
SHUT THE DOOR
SHUT THE DOOR
LOOK OUT FOR THE SNOW ON THE ROOF
A.B. FROST

"WHAT MAKSH ME SHOW LATE SHIR, BEEN ON FERRY BOAT LAS' FOUR HOURS' SHIR."

THIS IS THE "FERRY BOAT" THAT OUR FAST CLERK HAS BEEN ON.

SUBURBAN CLERK TAKING LEAVE OF HIS WIFE TO GO TO BUSINESS. "GOOD-BYE DEAR I'LL TRY TO GET BACK THIS WEEK."

"WANT YER SIDEWALK CLEANED?"

PLEASANT POSITION TO BE IN. WITH SCARCELY A FOOT-HOLD AND SOAKING WET TOO.

GALLANT RESCUE OF BEAUTY IN DISTRESS BY OFFICER XXXXXX OF THE BROADWAY SQUAD.

A TIMELY WARNING.

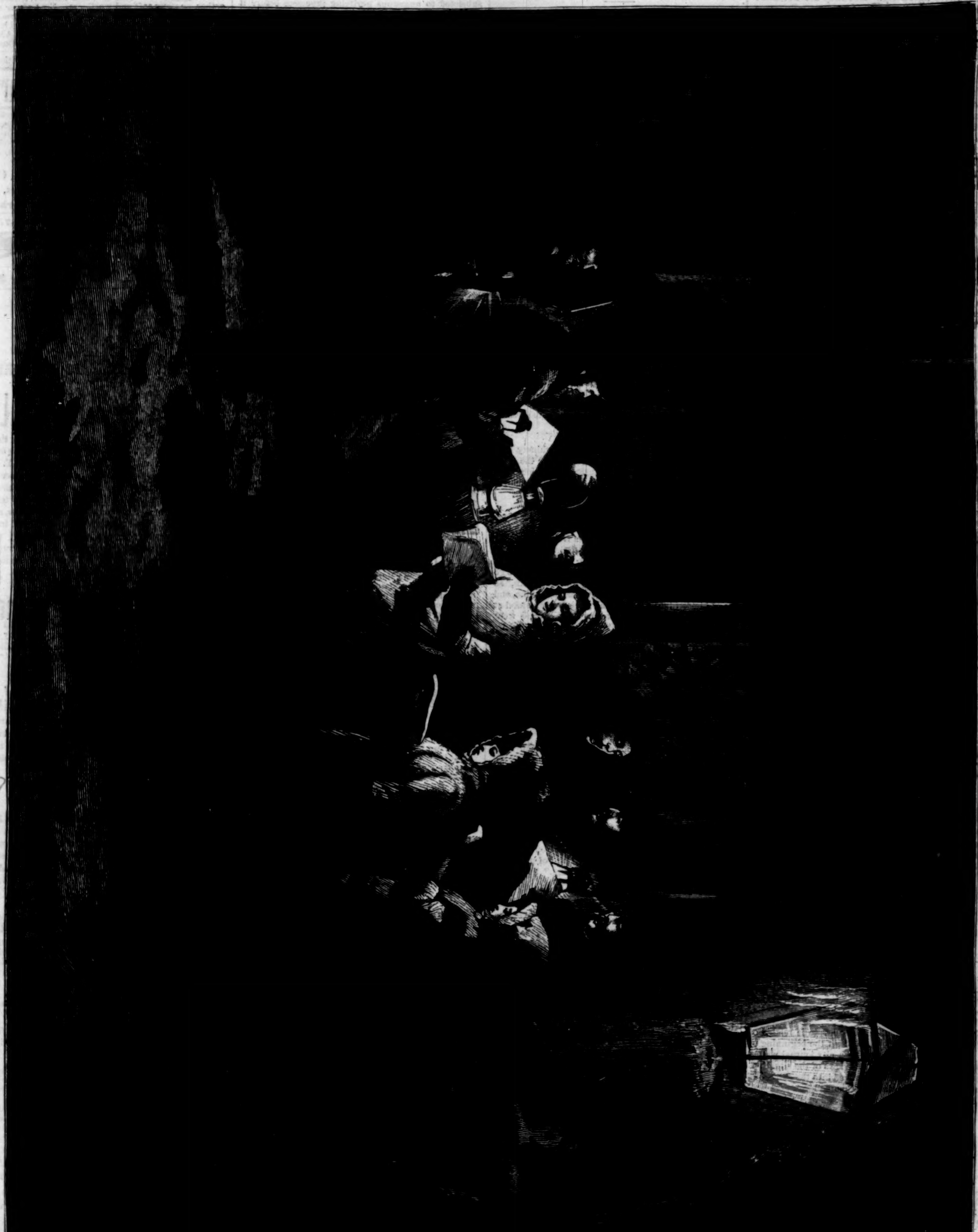
"I'LL SHOW 'EM HOW TO CROSS" SAYS BROWN.

AND HE DID.

WINTER SKETCHES.—[DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.]

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

WHILE in merry England the singing of carols on Christmas-eve is a time-honored and yearly custom, in Canada it is a treat enjoyed at rare intervals, owing to the severity of the winter. But occasionally, as in the present instance, the devotion to music and the friends of the singers induces them to run the risk of 40° below zero, and the warmth of the reception from favored friends always repays the carol singers for their trouble. The scene of our picture is in the village of Longueuil, on the opposite shore of the St. Lawrence to Montreal, and a favorite resort of the Montrealers during the hot months of the summer, while some who are willing to bid Jack Frost defiance remain all the year round. And one of the pleasantest memories of last winter is the origin of this picture. The ladies and gentlemen who conceived the happy idea of getting up the carols visited the houses of the leading residents, and among others the residence of **WILLIAM NOTMAN**, Esq., who, upon opening the door to thank the singers and invite them in to warm themselves, was struck with the picturesque appearance of the group, the ladies being dressed in their snow-shoeing costume, and proposed that the occasion should be immortalized by a photograph of them as they appeared on that occasion. The singers heartily co-operated with Mr. **NOTMAN**, and the result we now place before our readers.



CHRISTMAS CAROLS IN CANADA.

PROTESTATIONS.

ONE of the keenest sources of suffering which we are ever called upon to endure is the non-fulfillment of expectations excited by the protestations of those who have it in their power to serve us. In this world we are all mutually dependent. Our comfort and our happiness depend upon the treatment we receive at the hands of those who surround us, and our advancement nearly always upon the favor of those in higher places. Independence is an impossibility. No human being can be so highly or so securely placed that it is beyond the power of others to injure him.

And one of the commonest forms of annoyance and distress to which people are in the habit of subjecting each other is the expression of interest which they do not really feel, and the giving rise to expectations that they do not intend or have not got it in their power to fulfill.

You will sometimes apply to a friend who you think may be able to render you a service, and from the attention with which he listens, and the sympathy which he expresses, you immediately conclude that he will make every effort to procure for you the favor that you have asked. It is more than probable that the interest and sympathy upon which you base your hopes of success are only the evanescent politeness of the moment, and vanish with your presence. Sometimes he tells you "he will see." If you are young, and your faith in human nature great, you imagine that he *will* "see." And his "seeing" too often simply amounts to forgetting all about you the moment you are out of sight. If you attack him on the subject some months later, he will look a good deal surprised, a little distressed, and answer, with perhaps a little of the air of a culprit, "Oh!—ah—yes. Indeed, I am very sorry, but I couldn't do any thing for you." Has he tried? You do not like to think that he has not, but yet you are doubtful about it. If he only had not said he would "see," how much of hope and fear and disappointment would have been saved you! In the same manner your friend, by his protestations, leads you to expect some advantage that would never have entered your head had he not suggested it, and after weeks of anxious waiting you discover it was only a passing thought, which he has entirely forgotten.

Jean Jacques Rousseau says, in defense of his countrymen on this subject: "The French do not exhaust themselves in the way of protestations as much as is said. They do, indeed, feel the sentiment they profess for you, but this sentiment goes as it comes. They have an unintentional way of seeming interested in you that deceives worse than words. The coarse compliments of the Swiss can impose only on a fool. The manners of the French are all the more seductive in that they are more simple. You would think they do not say all they mean to do for you, so as to surprise you the more agreeably. But they are not false in their demonstrations; they are naturally eager to serve, feeling kind-hearted; but nothing with them is permanent. While speaking to you, they are full of you; but do they not see you, you are forgotten."

But, for all this, it would be far kinder, far better, if man, in dealing with his fellow-man, would so choose his language and guard his manner as to give rise to no expectations unless he is willing and able to charge himself with their fulfillment. A great deal of weary suspense, that only ends in bitter disappointment, would be saved. That words are to a great extent valueless is a sad lesson for the young to learn, and yet it is one that is daily taught us the older we grow and the more experience of the world we gain.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

About nine years ago there was established in France a "Society for the Prevention of Accidents"—a philanthropic, not a money-making institution. As yearly reports showed that a great number of accidents were constantly occurring in spinning mills and other manufacturing establishments, this society directed its efforts to ascertaining means of safety, and to inducing manufacturers to adopt mechanical precautions. During the past year the society has introduced into manufactories several important safety appliances, and in consequence of the general influence it has exerted, the government inspection has become more and more efficient. Many of the members of this association are skilled in various industries, and consequently have a practical knowledge which is most valuable. Recent laws of France are very strict in regard to the employment of children under sixteen in factories where there is dangerous machinery, or where poisonous materials are used. Societies for the prevention of accidents might well be formed in every country, and so multiplied as to take in many other sources of danger besides unprotected machinery. If we had legalized societies for the prevention of accidents on railroads and steamboats, in theatres, churches, manufactories, and other places peculiarly liable to danger, we might be spared a long catalogue of yearly horrors. Legalized investigation into provisions made for the safety of the public, at frequent intervals, and by qualified, disinterested, and philanthropic persons, would save our country hundreds—yes, thousands—of lives every year.

During the past fortnight the unfinished East River Bridge has probably received more longing glances and good wishes than it has within a similar period of time for a twelvemonth. When one is solidly packed in the crowd on an ice-bound ferry-boat, the frigid atmosphere nipping the nose, and the polar sea stretching far as eye can reach, the idea of a bridge between Brooklyn and New York becomes exceedingly agreeable. There is time enough to reflect on the importance of such a medium of communication between the two cities, to critically examine every portion of towers and cables which may chance to be in sight, and to review mentally the whole history of the bridge, while patiently waiting for the ice blockade to be so far raised that the boat may make her way across the river. Fulton Ferry house, on the Brooklyn side, has presented some curious scenes in the early morning lately. Hurried business men, accustomed to cross at South, Hamilton, or Wall Street ferries, seeing a vast expanse of ice where they looked for water, rushed on to Fulton Ferry. The impatient thousands thronging every inch of the ferry house, and the overcrowded ice-bound boat in the slip, made a strange and long-to-be-remembered scene.

"The subject of dangerous funerals," says a letter in the *Evening Mail*, "has at last attracted the attention of the press as well as the Board of Health, and none too soon, as every physician is aware that the spread of all mild contagious diseases, such as diphtheria, scarlatina, etc., is in great part due to the want of caution at and before the funeral, when the members of the family and friends are allowed to remain without any precaution having been taken to prevent the inhalation, and thus the spread of the diseases. If the good sense of the people can not be aroused to exercise some precaution, the whole matter should be placed in the hands of the Board of Health, that they might use the same means that they do in cases of small-pox."

The following characteristic anecdote is related of the late Commodore Vanderbilt: At the beginning of the panic of 1873 a reporter of a city journal waited upon the Commodore to get his views of the situation. The experienced journalist plunged into the subject as soon as he was shown into the Commodore's presence.

"Good-morning, Commodore," said he. "What do you think of the panic?"

"I don't think about it at all."

"What do you intend to do about it, then?"

"I don't intend to do any thing."

"Well, haven't you got any thing to say about it?"

"No, Sir, not a word."

The poor reporter was just leaving the room in despair, when the Commodore turned full upon him and said, "Look a-here, sonny, let me give you a little advice. Pay ready money for every thing you buy, and never sell any thing which you do not own. Good-morning, sonny."

It is said that no winter for twenty years has produced such formidable ice obstructions in the Delaware River as the present. The city of Philadelphia has three ice-boats, whose duty is, when the river is filled with ice, to keep navigation open; and they have been in almost continuous service since the beginning of the present season. In addition to keeping the channel open between the city and the sea, these ice-boats assist vessels to pass through the channel.

Among the large public libraries of this country may be reckoned the "Apprentices' Library," which is located in the unpretending building No. 472 Broadway. It has a catalogue of 56,000 volumes. The expenses of this useful library are borne by the "Mechanics' and Tradesmen's Society," for there are but few paying subscribers. It is open free to all boys under sixteen who are employed in the city, to all young men under twenty-one who are learning trades, and to all girls and women, irrespective of age, who are employed in manufactories or who are engaged in making any articles for sale. Last year the number of books drawn from the library was 150,000; and it is a singular fact that, notwithstanding the number and diversified character of the readers, the largest number of volumes ever lost in any year is sixty-three. The annual cost of sustaining this library is said to be about $12,000.

Cold weather should be utilized. There is a Hungarian chemist who subjects meats to intense cold, whereby they are, to all intents and purposes, *cooked*; then he seals them hermetically in tin cans. Long time afterward, when he opens a can, he finds the meat fresh and inviting. It is partially cooked, and needs but little more treatment to prepare it for the table. An establishment for preserving meats in this way has been set up in Hungary. Can not somebody invent a stove, for summer use, that will do the cooking by cold?

They have a new post-office in Montreal, as in some other cities, and an amusing incident occurred in front of the building a week or two ago. A new and elegant sleigh had been left standing, while its owner was in the post-office. Behind the sleigh a dilapidated-looking steed, harnessed to a dilapidated sleigh, was discovered busily employed in devouring the rich blue cloth lining of the former vehicle, which was padded with hay. When interrupted in his meal, the hungry animal had eaten fully a yard of cloth, padding and all, evidently regarding the whole as a perfect luxury. He had also commenced to nibble the varnished wood of the sleigh, with apparent relish, and had he not been seasonably discovered, the entire vehicle might have disappeared.

Glasgow has been in a state of panic from a popular fear that hydrophobia had broken out in a sort of epidemic form. Dr. Macleod, Professor of Surgery in the Glasgow University, has quieted the public alarm to some degree by showing, in popular lectures, how this disease is often the simple result of terror. He says that it is an overwrought fancy that causes people, when they read descriptions of the horrors of hydrophobia, which is an extremely rare disease, to imagine whenever a dog scratches them that they are doomed to perish from foaming madness.

The chime of bells which hung in Machinery Hall during the Centennial Exhibition, and gave the visitors so much pleasure by its musical peals, has been purchased by Mrs. A. T. Stewart. It is intended for Memorial Church, now being built at Garden City.

Two singular escapes of railroad trains from serious disaster have been reported lately. One was the collision of the St. Louis Express with a freight train near Cold Spring, on the Hudson River Railroad. The express was behind time, the freight train was passing over the crossing, and the flag-man "had omitted to go back to the curve to stop the approaching train," so say the reports. The engineer reversed his engine, and threw himself into a snow-bank; the fireman stood at his post, and shut off the steam. The express went through the freight train like a cannon-ball, and by almost a miracle escaped serious injury. The other escape occurred on the Macon and Western road. An immense mass of frozen earth had fallen on the track, and was discovered too late to stop the train. The engine plunged into it, one car telescoped another, passengers were thrown this way and that, and there was a general wreck. But, strange to say, only one person was seriously injured.

A "snow annihilator" has been invented. We need one badly—yes, we need a good many of them. The impossibility of carting off such a body of snow as fell in one single January storm is evident—under present arrangements, at least. Let us have annihilators.

Mr. Vanderbilt was a man of few words. It is said he never made a public speech. Once, when in London, his health was given at a banquet, and there were loud calls for a speech. "Gentlemen," said he, "I have never made a fool of myself in my life, and I am not going to begin now. Here is a friend of mine who can talk all day. He will do my speaking." The friend was his lawyer.

The largest music-box ever made has just been finished for the Khedive of Egypt by a firm in Geneva. The case is of inlaid ebony, very elegant, and the interior is a marvel of mechanical ingenuity. It includes all the latest improvements for selecting tunes, a patent moderator, etc., and is finished with flute, flute-basso, drum, bells, and castanets. The repertoire consists of 132 tunes, supplied by eleven cylinders (which can be exchanged at pleasure), each of them being six inches in diameter, and twenty-six inches long. If the Khedive grows weary of his 132 tunes, others can easily be added. The price to be paid for this music-box is 20,000 francs.

In all the history of India it is probable that there is no record of any storm so instantaneously disastrous as was the cyclone of October 31, 1876. The details which have latest been received indicate that the loss of life must be even greater than was at first supposed. The storm-wave appears to have had its origin in the eastern portion of the Bay of Bengal, and about midnight, without warning of any kind, the three islands of Dakin Shahabazpore, Hattiah, and Sundeep were submerged. Some of the inhabitants, startled from their sleep, took refuge in the trees, and these alone were saved. Fortunately trees surrounded every village. The population of the three islands was about 340,000, and it is believed that not less than 215,000 perished.

One of the most noteworthy provisions made by Cardinal Antonelli in his will is in regard to his servants. It is arranged that those who had served him twenty-five years shall have their wages continued to them for the rest of their lives; those who had been with him fifteen years shall have two-thirds of their wages; and other servants one-third.

A guest at the table of a financier spoke of having dined the day before at a house where the host had "entertained the company with some excellent epigrams." The financier's jealousy was excited. He rang for his cook, asked him whether he could make epigrams, and, if so, how it happened that he had hitherto concealed his talent. Without allowing the astonished servant to reply, he ordered him in a peremptory manner to serve up a dish of epigrams at the next day's dinner, and at the same time invited the distinguished guest to come and see whether they were as good as those of which he had just spoken.

Sensational items have been published in various English papers in regard to what is styled Thames-mud butter. The English public have been led to the unpleasant belief that a systematic and profitable industry was carried on, resulting in the fabrication of a substance palmed off as "best Brittany butter," but in reality made from refuse fat collected from the river Thames. The theory advanced was that the fat was subjected to numerous purifying processes before it was sent to market as "butter." But the fastidious public rejected the idea and made a general outcry. The *Sanitary Record* has investigated the matter, and quieted the public. Thames River mud does contain fat—the refuse from millions of kitchens. It can be purified to some extent, and is; but it is impossible to purify it to any degree that would make it so resemble butter as to deceive either taste or sight. The fat is used for the most common kinds of soap and for dip candles, not for "best Brittany butter." So Englishmen may eat their breakfasts in security and comfort.

Millions of bottles of Burnett's Cocoaine have been sold during the last twenty years, in every civilized country, and the public have rendered the verdict that it is the cheapest and best Hair Dressing in the world.—[*Com.*]

VIENNA ROLLS.

Full directions for making the celebrated Vienna Rolls, as made with the Royal Baking Powder at the Centennial, sent free. Address Royal Baking Powder Company, New York.—[*Com.*]

The various diseases of the respiratory organs, to which so large a number of the residents in our variable climate are subject, can promptly be made to yield to Dr. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup and Seaweed Tonic. These medicines are pleasant to the palate and speedy in their action. They can be had of druggists throughout the United States.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Pure white teeth and a sweet breath are, as the poet says, "an excellent thing in man and woman." Nothing adds so much to the personal appearance as a fine set of teeth, and to neglect their care is unexcusable. To keep them free from scurf, and spotless as pearls, cleanse them daily with

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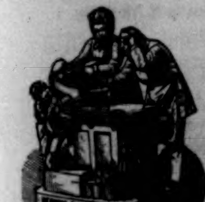

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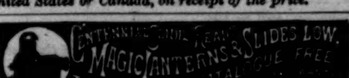

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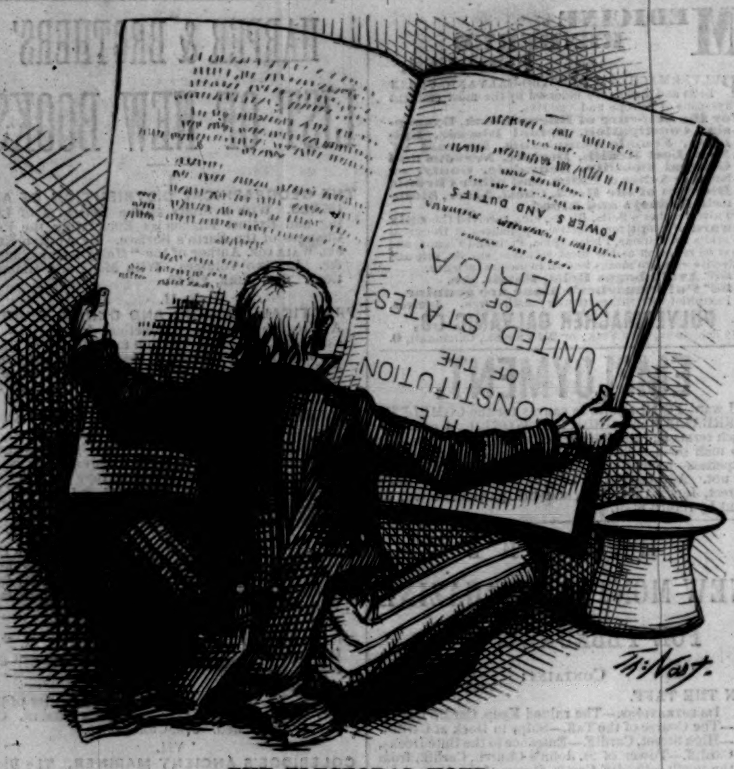
CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
POWERS AND DUTIES
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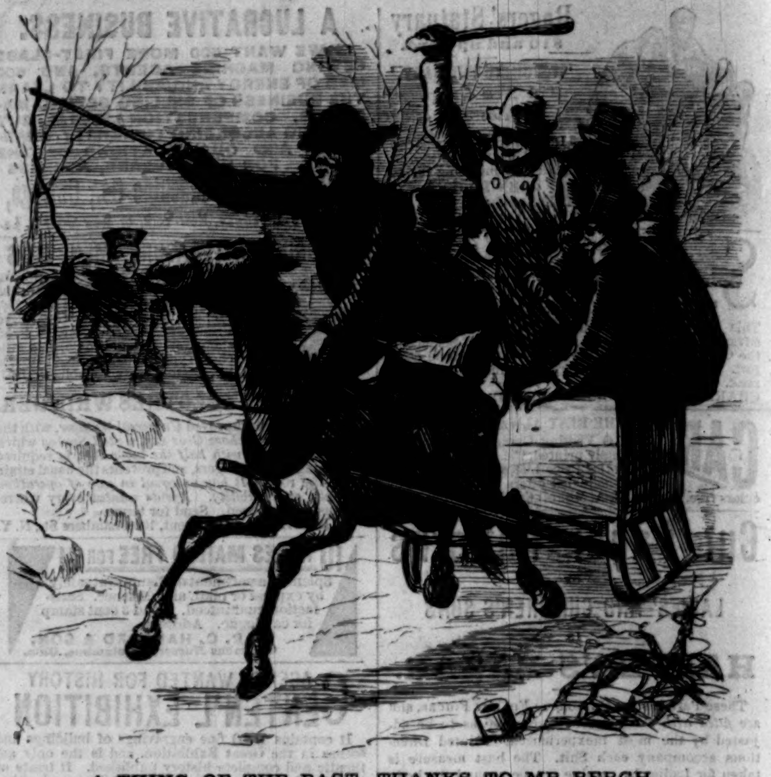
THE ELECTORAL VOTE.
Now let us look at it from another point of view.



A THING OF THE PAST—THANKS TO MR. BERGH
Slaying while Sleighing.

Tempora Mutantur.

M. EDOUARD FAVRE-PERRET was one of the Swiss Commissioners and a member of the jury on Watches at the Centennial Exhibition. On his return home there was a great desire to hear the result of his observations, especially in reference to American Watches. He therefore made an address at Locle, and repeated it at Neuchatel and Chaux-de-Fonds. These three places are the Watch-making centres of Switzerland. The audience in each place was composed of watch-makers, and the orator is a distinguished member of the same craft. The facts which he stated were no doubt unpleasant to his hearers, but nevertheless true.

We will be happy to send a full report of the address free to any who writes for it.

The following are a few extracts:

For a long time America has been the principal market for our watches. To-day we must earnestly prepare to struggle with the Americans on the fields where hitherto we have been the masters. * * * *

The American Watch Company, at Waltham, was formed with a capital of $200,000. Soon this capital became insufficient, and it was increased to $300,000 before the war of Secession. This war, which seemed calculated to destroy such an enterprise, was, on the contrary, the cause of its prosperity. America put on foot a million of soldiers, and, as every one wanted his watch, there was great animation in the watch business. At this juncture, which might have been a lucky one for our industry, we failed to comprehend our real interests. Instead of sending good watches to the Americans, the worst trash was sent. Had mere skeleton movements been sent in cases, they would have been thought good enough! The Americans, however, went to work on an entirely different plan. The company increased their plant, and turned out a better ordinary watch than the Swiss watch. At the end of several years, and with the aid of patriotism, the American watch enjoyed a good reputation, while our own was discredited every where. In 1865 the capital was increased to $750,000, and the operations of the new company grew to immense proportions. * * * * *

The Waltham Company give employment to 900 workmen, and make about 425 movements per day. The company again increased their capital in 1872; it amounts to-day to $1,500,000, besides $300,000 as reserve fund, or a capital of 9,000,000 francs. This watch factory is a real power; there is none like it in Europe. We have seen it in all its details, and we have admired its splendid organization. * * * * *

Still another and more important reason explains the growing prosperity of the American Company. Their tools work so regularly that all parts of the watch may be interchanged, by a simple order on a postal card, without necessitating the forwarding of the adjoining piece. The question has often been asked whether the Americans can sufficiently supply the demands of their markets. Yes, they can. We are driven out of the American market! * * * * *

In 1860 the American Company produced only 15,000 watches; in 1863, 100,000. To-day they produce 250,000, and this figure can be easily doubled in case the crisis, which so severely prevails there as well as here, should come to an end. And now that we know the figures of production in the United States, we can easily, with the aid of official reports, give an account of what is that country's consumption of watches. We have sent to the United States:

In 1870	330,000 watches.	In 1873	204,000 watches
In 1871	342,000 "	In 1874	187,000 "
In 1872	366,000 "	In 1875	134,000 "

In 1876 we shall barely send there 75,000 watches; or, since 1872, a deficit of 300,000 watches. What a loss for Switzerland, and particularly for Neuchatel! * * * * *

The Americans have already commenced to send their manufacture to Europe, in England they sell annually from 20,000 to 30,000 watches. The American watch commences to drive from the English market the Swiss and even the English watch.

I sincerely confess that I personally have doubted that competition. But now I have seen—I have felt it—and I am terrified by the danger to which our industry is exposed. Besides, I am not the only one to think so; the Société Intercantonale" have sent a delegate to make inquiries, and his report perfectly agrees with mine. Up to this very day we have believed America to be dependent upon Europe. We have been mistaken. The Americans will send us their products since we can not send them our own. * * * * *

In America every thing is made by machinery; here we make every thing by hand. We count in Switzerland about 40,000 workmen, making on an average each per annum 40 watches. In the United States the average is 150 watches. Therefore the machine produces three and a half to four times more than the workman. * * * * *

It has been said, and it has been complacently repeated, that the Americans do not make the entire watch, and that they are dependent upon Switzerland for several parts of the watch. This is a mistake. The Waltham Company make the entire watch—from the first screw to the case and dial. It would even be difficult for them to use our products, so great is the regularity, so minute the precision, with which their machines work. They arrive at the regulation of the watch—so to say—without having seen it. When the watch is given to the adjuster, the foreman delivers to him the corresponding hair-spring, and the watch is regulated. [Sensation among the audience.] Here is what I have seen, gentlemen! I asked from the director of the Waltham Company a watch of the fifth grade. A large safe was opened before me; at random I took a watch out of it and fastened it to my chain. The director having asked me to let him have the watch for two or three days so as to observe its motion, I answered, "On the contrary, I persist in wearing it just as it is, to obtain the exact idea of your manufacture." At Paris I set my watch by a regulator on the Boulevard, and on the sixth day I observed that it had varied 22 seconds. And this watch is of the fifth American grade; it costs 75 francs (movement without case). At my arrival at Locle I showed the watch to one of our first adjusters, who asked permission to "take it down"—in other words to take it to pieces. I however wished first to observe it: and here is the result, which I noted: hanging, daily variations 1½ seconds; variation in different positions, from 4 to 8 seconds; in the "heated room" the variation was but very slight. Having thus observed it, I handed the watch to the adjuster, who took it down. After the lapse of a few days, he came to me and said, word for word: "I am completely overwhelmed; the result is incredible; one would not find one such watch among fifty thousand of our manufacture."

This watch, gentlemen, I repeat to you, I took at hazard—out of a heap, as we say. You understand from this example that the American watch may be preferred to the Swiss. I have finished, gentlemen, and I have told you of things such as I have seen them. It remains for us to profit from this sad experience, and to improve our manufacture.

We have prepared a Descriptive Catalogue of Waltham Watches, with prices, which we send free to all who write for it. We forward single Waltham Watches, by express or mail, to any part of the country, no matter how remote, without any risk to the purchaser. During the last ten years we have sent Waltham Watches to every part of the Union. Our customers are numbered by thousands, and can be found every where. Our prices are always the lowest, and every Watch we send out is in perfect running order and warranted to give satisfaction, OR THE MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED. *Write for a Price-List, as advertised in "Harper's Weekly."*

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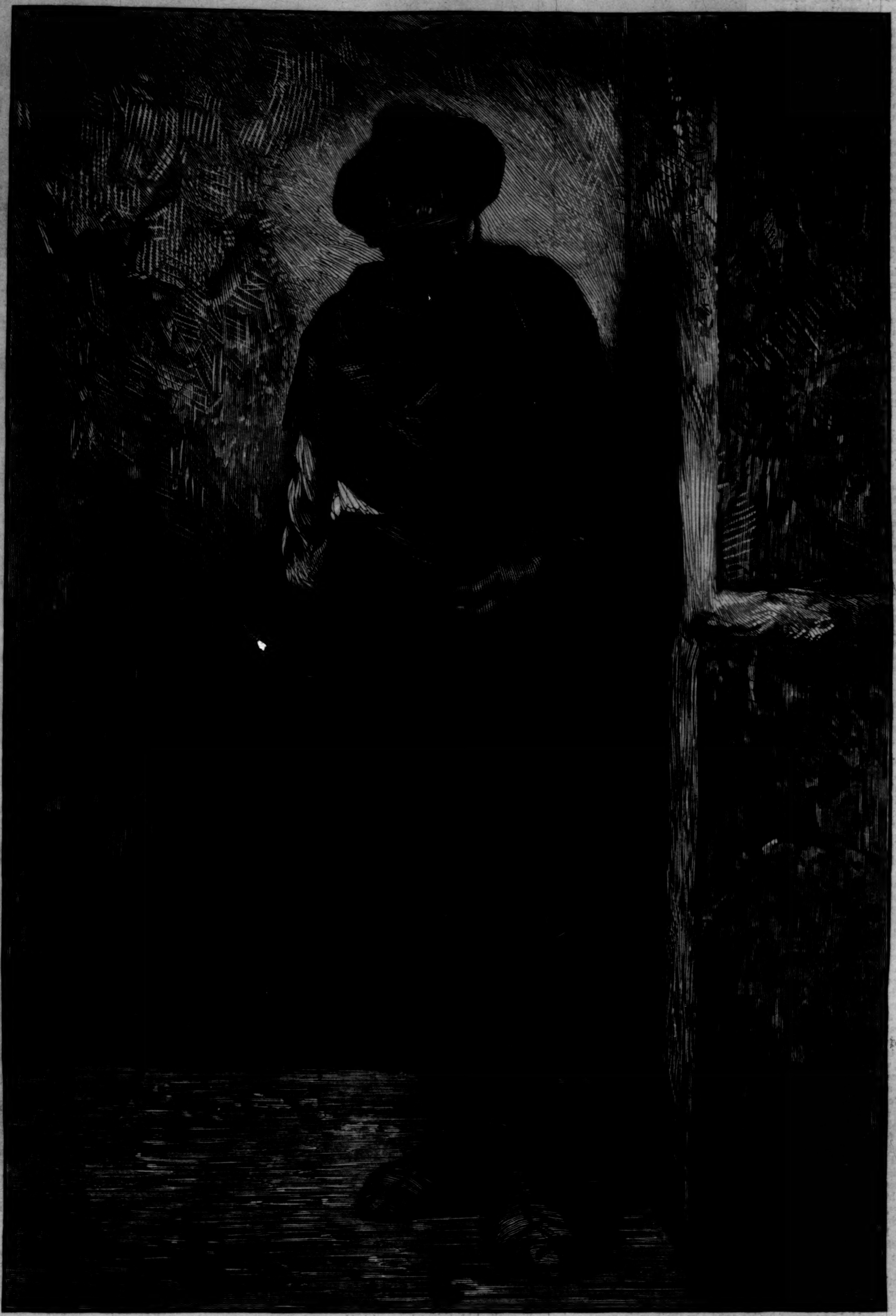

LISTENING FOR THE FOOTSTEP.

BEHOLD! 'tis Donna Clara's wedding day;
The guests are ready, and the feast is spread;
The lady waits, in sumptuous array,
The great hidalgo whom she is to wed.

Stop, Donna Clara, scan your record o'er,
E'en while they clasp the jewels on your breast:
Think of one summer eve, not long before,
Whose turbulent, wild remembrance will not rest!

Soft lay the moon on old Alhambra's wall,
Low at thy feet a lover deigned to kneel;
With simple plea that Love is lord of all,
He wooed the dark-eyed daughter of Castile.

Thy proud lips curled; his passion and his pain
Were naught to thee; with scorn thy proud heart burned;
And in that hour the love that wooed in vain
All dark and deadly into hatred turned.

Wild rang the threat—well might thy proud form start—
Through years of agony thou shouldst atone,
Ay, know the very pain that pierced his heart,
And wear out weary years, unloved, alone.

Ring out the bells, for Donna Clara waits;
What dark fate keeps her lover from her side?
Behold! he comes—they bear him through the gates—
A ghastly bridegroom for so fair a bride.

"LA FÊTE DU GRAND-PÈRE."

"He who was not living before 1789," says Talleyrand, "knows nothing of the charm of living." This remark of the great diplomatist is not only echoed by his famous contemporary Châteaubriand, who writes to a friend, "You have seen nothing if you have not seen the pomp of Versailles," but it is repeated even in our day by an eminent French author, who says, "In no country, indeed, and in no age, has so perfect a social art rendered life so agreeable."

France during the *ancien régime* was a country where pleasure was made a science, and cultivated above all other things. In this the example was set by the court, where the utmost splendor was maintained, and a most elaborate system of etiquette established. Through the duties of the palace the highest nobility lived with the king, having their apartments under his very roof. Thus he became in one sense their host; and if it be the duty of the master of the house to see that his guests are well amused, it is certain that during the eighteenth century the attendants of the French monarchs suffered no neglect.

At Choisy, writes the Dauphine (Marie Antoinette), "from one o'clock [in the afternoon], when we dine, to one o'clock at night, we remain out. . . .After dining we play until six o'clock, after which we go to the theatre, which lasts until half past nine o'clock, and next, to supper; after this, play again until one, and sometimes half past one o'clock." At Versailles things are more moderate; there are but two theatrical entertainments and one ball a week, but every evening there is play and a reception in the king's apartment, in his daughters', in his mistress's, in his daughter-in-law's, besides hunts and three petty excursions per week. Records show that, in a certain year, Louis XV. slept only fifty-two nights at Versailles, while the Austrian embassador well says that "his mode of living leaves him not an hour in the day for attention to important matters."

As to Louis XVI., it is said that he reserved a few hours of the morning; but the machine was wound up, and go it must. How could he withdraw himself from his guests and not do the honors of his house? Moreover, propriety and custom are despotic. A third despotism must be added, still more absolute—the imperious vivacity of a frolicsome young queen who can not endure an hour's reading. At Versailles, three theatrical entertainments and two balls a week, two grand suppers Tuesday and Thursday, and from time to time the opera in Paris; at Fontainebleau, the theatre three times a week, and on other days play and suppers. During the following winter the queen gives a masked ball each week, in which "the contrivance of the costumes, the quadrilles arranged in ballets, and the daily rehearsals take so much time as to consume the entire week." "The newest song," says a cultivated, earnest lady of the bedchamber, "the current witticism, and little scandalous stories formed the sole subjects of conversation in the queen's circle of intimates." As to the king, who is rather dull, and who requires physical exercise, the chase is his most important occupation. Between 1755 and 1789 he himself, on recapitulating what he had accomplished, finds "one hundred and forty boar-hunts, one hundred and thirty stag-hunts, two hundred and sixty-six of bucks, thirty-three with hounds, and one thousand and twenty-five shootings"—in all fifteen hundred and sixty-two hunting days, averaging at least one hunt every three days. Besides this, there are a hundred and nine excursions without hunts, and two hundred and twenty-three promenades on horseback and in carriages.

A description of one entertainment given at Versailles by Louis XIV. will give the reader an idea of the splendor and magnificence with which that monarch provided amusement for his court. The *fête* was suggested by the Duc de St. Aignan, and the plan matured by an Italian named Vigardin: "As by enchantment Versailles became the palace of Alcinous, and the seigniors of the court were transformed into Paladins. The amusements comprised a sort of dramatic poem called 'The Pleasures of the Enchanted Isle,' which was played for three days. The first act, or the first day of this drama, offered to the eyes of the court a magnificent *carrousel*, and it was in honor of this event that the name has been perpetuated in the spot of its celebration. The lists were held in a grove in which the grand avenues terminated, between high palisades, with four porticoes of the height of thirty-five feet, ornamented with numerous festoons, enriched with gold and divers paintings, with his Majesty's arms.

"The ladies were seated beneath triumphal arches, which decorated the sides. The king, wearing the costume of Roger, and quite covered with diamonds, made his entrance preceded by the heralds, pages, and equerries, all richly equipped, and followed by cavaliers who were to contend for the prizes. After the cavalcade followed a colossal chariot representing the Sun surrounded by the ages of Gold, Silver, Iron, and Brass, the Seasons, Hours, etc. The most important of these mythological personages came by turns to recite to the queen verses which the President De Persigny and Benserade had composed. Then the courses began. The king was constantly victorious. Night came, the tables were spread by the divinities which had surrounded the car of the Sun. Pan and Diana advanced on a mountain moved by secret springs, and, descending from it, caused to be spread a splendid and exquisite collation. Behind the tables, on a theatre erected for that purpose, musicians executed symphonies during the repast.

"The sports of the second day passed in other groves prepared as if by enchantment, and at night a new comedy by Molière, called the *Princesse d'Elide*, was enacted. The third day was spent in running '*les testes*,' when the king, as usual, carried off the prize. In the evening the entertainment closed with an opera called *Le Triomphe d'Amour*, in which the king and the ladies of the court performed a ballet."

There is yet preserved in the library of Versailles a volume in which all the dresses and trappings employed at this ceremonial are faithfully portrayed, and, to add to its value, it contains the portraits of all the chief nobility of France who were actors, as well as their sovereign, in the mimic splendor.

Another *fête* of unparalleled splendor was given in honor of Mademoiselle De la Vallière by the same monarch. This entertainment lasted three days, beginning with a *carrousel* and ending with a ballet-comedy, called the *Forced Marriage*, in which the king himself appeared as one of the dancers. The story is also told of the same favorite, that, wearying of the accustomed diversions, she one day in the middle of summer demanded from the king that he should procure for her a sleigh-ride. Obedient to her caprice, Louis ordered all the salt that could be obtained from all parts of the country to be brought to Paris. It was thickly sprinkled upon the roads in one of the parks, and La Vallière was gratified by being borne in triumph over the glittering particles which his majesty had adroitly substituted for snow.

Of domestic life during the *ancien régime* few details can be gathered. It seemed to have disappeared to make way for the social round in which both parties were always engaged. In Mr. Durand's admirable translation of Taine's *Ancien Régime*, recently published by Messrs. Holt & Co., we read: "In a drawing-room the wife who receives the least attention from a man is his own,

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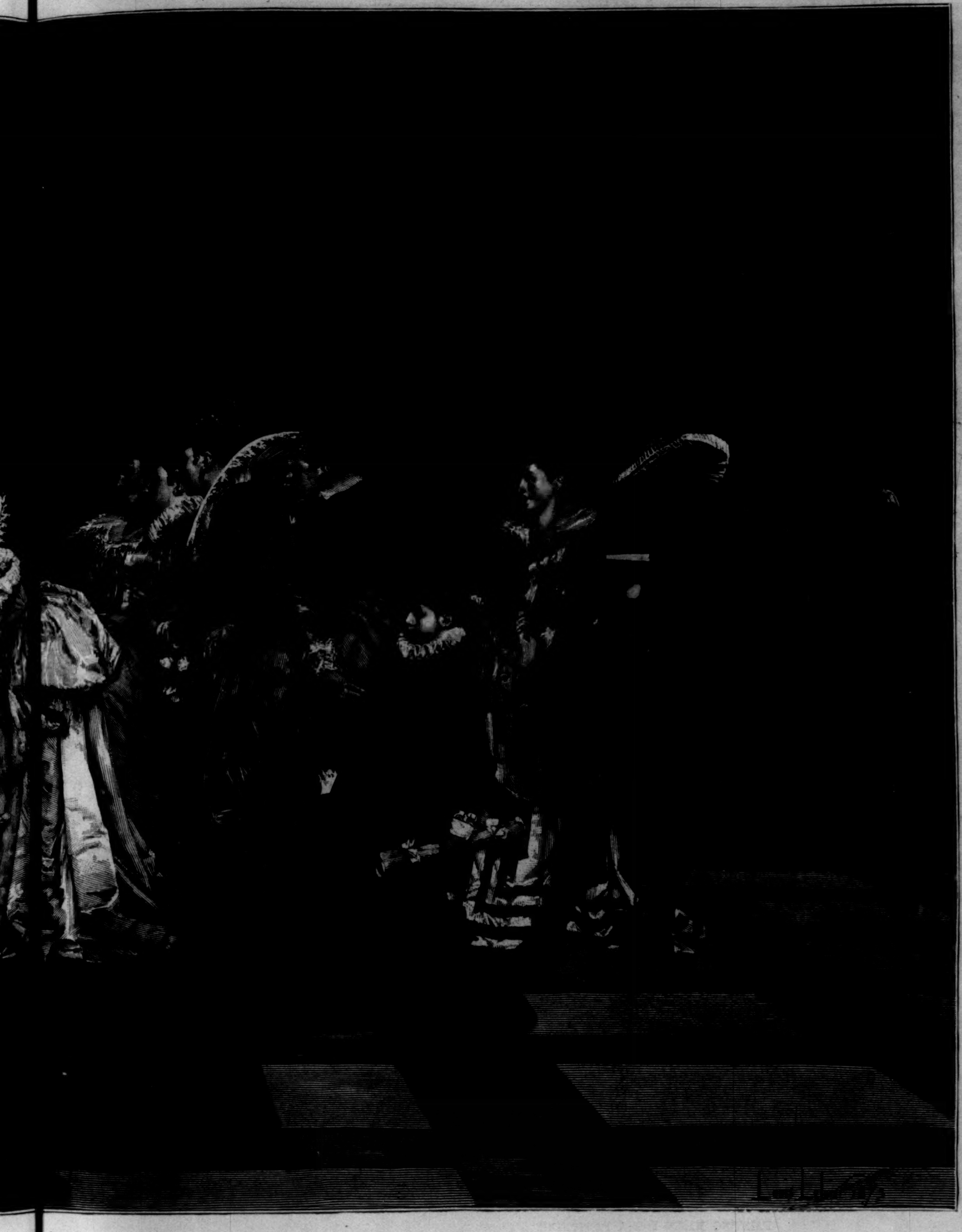
"LA FÊTE DU GRAND-PÈRE."—[



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absent from home; only in his declining years does his wife consent to follow him into garrison or into the provinces. And rather is this the case because she is herself occupied, and as seriously as himself, often with a position near a princess, and always with an important circle of company which she must maintain. At this epoch woman is as active as man, following the same career, and with the same resources, consisting of the flexible voice, the winning grace, the insinuating manner, the tact, the quick perception of the right moment, and the art of pleasing, demanding, and obtaining: there is not a lady at court who does not bestow regiments and benefices. Through this right the wife has her personal retinue of solicitors and *protégés;* also, like her husband, her friends, her enemies, her own ambitions, disappointments, and rancorous feeling; nothing could be more effectual in the disruption of a household than this similarity of occupation and this division of interests. The tie thus loosened ends by being sundered under the ascendency of opinion. 'It looks well not to live together,' to grant each other every species of tolerance, and to devote one's self to society. Society, indeed, then fashions opinion, and through opinion it urges on the habits which it requires."

One of the curious features of life at this period were the costumes and manners of the children. Even in the last years of the *ancien régime* little boys had their hair powdered, "a pomatumed chignon (*bourse*), ringlets, and curls;" they wore the sword, the chapeau under the arm, a frill, and a coat with gilded cuffs; they kissed young ladies' hands with the air of little dandies. A lass of six years was bound up in a whalebone waist; her large hoop-petticoat supported a skirt covered with wreaths; she wore on her head a skillful combination of false curls, puffs, and knots, fastened with pins, and crowned with plumes, and so high that frequently "the chin was half-way down to her feet;" sometimes they put rouge on her face. She was a miniature lady, and she knew it; she was fully up in her part, without effort or inconvenience, by force of habit; the unique, the perpetual instruction she received was that on her deportment; it may be said with truth that the fulcrum of education in France at this time was the dancing master. They could get along with him without any others; without him, the others were of no use. For, without him, how could people go through easily, suitably, and gracefully the thousand and one actions of daily life—walking, sitting down, standing up, offering the arm, using the fan, listening and smiling, before eyes so experienced and before such a refined public?

A drawing-room scene under the *ancien régime* forms the subject of our beautiful double-page engraving, drawn from a painting by M. LOUIS LELOIR. Here we see the little ones, arrayed in elaborate costumes which are almost precisely like those worn by their elders, greeting their grandpapa at a *fête* given in his honor. What these unfortunates must have suffered from the peculiar system of training in vogue during this period may be gathered from the following passage from TAINE's work: "'I was,' says the Comte de Tilly, 'like all the children of my age and of my station, dressed in the handsomest clothes to go out, and naked and dying with hunger in the house,' and not through unkindness, but through household oversight, dissipation, and disorder, attention being given to things elsewhere. One might easily count the fathers who, like the Marshal DE BELLE-ISLE, brought up their sons under their own eyes, and themselves attended to their education methodically, strictly, and with tenderness. As to the girls, they were placed in convents. Relieved from this care, their parents only enjoy the greater freedom. Even when they retain charge of them, they are scarcely more of a burden to them. Little FÉLICITÉ DE SAINT-AUBIN sees her parents 'only on their waking up and at meal times.' Their day is wholly taken up. The mother is making or receiving visits; the father is in his laboratory or engaged in hunting. Up to seven years of age the child passes her time with chamber-maids, who teach her only a little catechism, 'with an infinite number of ghost stories.' About this time she is taken care of, but in a way which well portrays the epoch. The marquise, her mother, the author of mythological and pastoral operas, has a theatre built in the château. A great crowd of company resorts to it from Bourbon-Lancy and Moulins. After rehearsing twelve weeks, the little girl, with a quiver of arrows and blue wings, plays the part of Cupid, and the costume is so becoming, she is allowed to wear it in common during the entire day for nine months. To finish the business, they send for a dancing-fencing master, and, still wearing the Cupid costume, she takes lessons in fencing and in deportment. 'The entire winter is devoted to playing comedy and tragedy.' Sent out of the room after dinner, she is brought in again only to play on the harpsichord or to declaim the monologue of Alzire before a numerous assembly. Undoubtedly such extravagances are not customary; but the spirit of education is every where the same; that is to say, in the eyes of parents there is but one intelligible and rational existence, that of society, even for children, and the attentions bestowed on these are solely with a view to introduce them into it or to prepare them for it."

PAINTING MASKS.

THE engraving on page 80 will give our readers an idea of the elaborate preparations made at the London theatres for the pantomime season, which begins at Christmas. The Christmas pantomime or harlequinade is, in its present shape, essentially an English entertainment, and up to this time all attempts to introduce it in this country have signally failed. It first became popular in England under the auspices of a dancing master named WEAVER, who introduced a species of ballet dancing mingled with pantomime acting at Drury Lane Theatre in 1702. One of his pieces, entitled *The Loves of Mars and Venus*, met with great success.

COLLEY CIBBER, poet, actor, and dramatist, at one time connected with the management of Drury Lane, claimed that the pantomime originated in an attempt to make stage dancing something more than motion without meaning. The new entertainment became so popular that RICH, CIBBER'S managerial rival, found himself unable with the Lincoln's Inn Fields Company to compete with Drury Lane in the legitimate drama, and struck out a path of his own by the invention of the *comic* pantomime. "From this," says a writer of the time, "sprung forth that succession of monstrous medleys that have so long infested the stage, and which arise, one upon another, alternately at both houses, outvying in expense, like contending bribes at both sides of an election, to secure a majority of the multitude."

It is apparent from an advertisement in the *Daily Courant* for the 26th of December, 1717, that RICH was indebted to Italy for his idea. His *Harlequin Executed* is described as "A New Italian Mimic Scene (never performed before) between a Scaramouch, a Harlequin, a Country Farmer, his Wife, and others." He also seems to have grafted the scenic and mechanical features of the old mask upon the pantomimic ballet, for DAVIES, in his *Dramatic Miscellanies*, describes RICH'S pantomimes as "consisting of two parts, the one serious, the other comic. By the help of gay scenes, fine habits, grand dances, appropriate music, and other decorations, he exhibited a story from OVID'S *Metamorphoses* or some other mythological work. Between the pauses or acts of this serious representation he interwove a comic fable, consisting chiefly of the courtship of Harlequin and Columbine, with a variety of surprising